The SPHERE

Vol. CXXII. No. 1594 AUG. 9, 1930. THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

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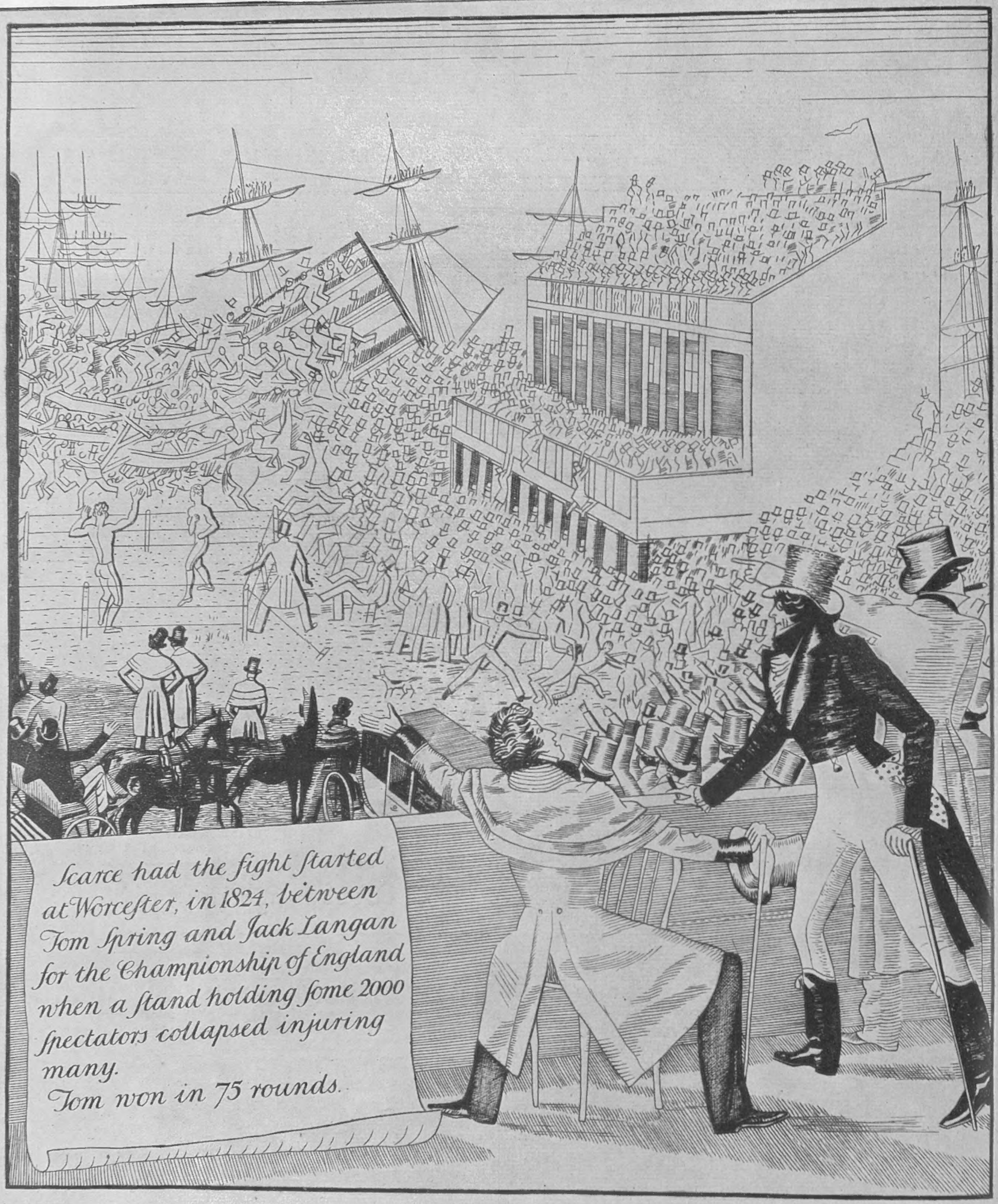

Scarce had the fight started at Worcester, in 1824, between Tom Spring and Jack Langan for the Championship of England when a stand holding some 2000 spectators collapsed injuring many.
Tom won in 75 rounds.

Alan MacNab Fecit

JOHNNIE WALKER

Sees a Famous Fight interrupted

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THE SPHERE

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

With which is incorporated BLACK & WHITE

Volume CXXII. No. 1594 Price One Shilling. Postage {Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Foreign, 2½d.} London, August 9, 1930

"'JOHNNIE' COMES MARCHING HOME"

Amy Johnson, the heroic woman-flyer, was welcomed by a crowd of huge but unknown dimensions (for darkness had fallen) when the big Continental 'bus conveying her from Brussels arrived at Croydon. Delayed by high winds—there was a seventy-mile-an-hour gale blowing up the Channel on Bank Holiday afternoon—the "City of Glasgow" did not touch the aerodrome until three minutes past nine. As the hour approached the aerodrome was lit up as for night landing, although the final dull-red glow of the sunset still illuminated the western sky. One of the aerodrome floodlights was turned upon the air-liner as the heroine alighted, and finally upon the daïs from which she spoke into the microphone. Lit thus spectacularly against a stormy sky, the famous flying-woman presented a notable appearance. Her clear-cut features, her sculpturesque hair, her coat with its military collar, were all outlined with dramatic effect against the sable background. Grasping her emerald-green handbag (without which even a flying-woman does not travel!) and hat in hand, she delivered her bright little speech to the "people of England."

Her hair was wind-blown when she spoke later from Grosvenor House Hotel

A London Newsletter

THE DUKE OF YORK IN THE NORTH: H.R.H. leaves one of the houses in the new village of Inverlochy, near Fort William. He is now in residence at Glamis Castle, the ancestral home of the Earl and Countess of Strathmore, the Duchess's father and mother

INVERESK HOUSE, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, August 6, 1930.

Farewell — A Long Farewell. — Among the remote, everlasting hills, on mercifully crowded seaside beaches, in foreign lands, politicians of all classes are thankfully hiding their identities and diminished heads. The long trick is over and the high hopes of a year ago moulder cold and low. Was ever, in the history of British administration, a bathos, a show-up, more complete or more abysmal? Where is that "buoyant recovery" of trade, that master brain which was to deal with unemployment and re-establish prosperity? The very schoolboys have been taught to despise the name of politician and to stone and hiss the tragic comedians from the boards. There has been but one instance in a year of unanimity of parties; not one of party unanimity. The whole House (less a handful of left-wing knockabouts) united to uphold tardily the honour of the House which by a year of public dirty-linen washing they have conspired to besmirch. Of constructive business done, what shall we say? They have doubled unemployment, turning one million into two. They have turned the nation from hope to despair, brought our finances to the lip of bankruptcy, transformed free citizens into remittance men.

Another Choice of Evils.—Dame Margaret has been instructed to prophesy a General Election in the autumn. Mr. Baldwin promises it as a Christmas present. Mr. MacDonald, to judge by his appearances, would be thankful to hear the bell go any time. They are tired men, and we are tired men. The very thought of having to choose between them again in the near future gives us a stomach-ache. In the course of a year's buffoonery we have found one man with courage and convictions of a sort—Sir Oswald Mosley—the man who received most of the rotten eggs left over from the General Election. Mr. Chamberlain retains his high reputation. And people talk of a future for Mr. Oliver Stanley, if indeed politicians still deal in futures. Mr. Beckett was not the man to remove the bauble of parliamentary authority. Mr. Sandham was not the man to call in question the honour of the House, for neither of them is capable of appreciating splendid traditions. None the less, the mace and the honour of the House are not the same heirlooms which our fathers revered and honoured.

"R 100."—In the matter of lighter-than-air machines we had as a nation much ground to make up. The *R 100* has been a slow starter, but slow and steady may yet win the race. In the darkest hour before the dawn, on such a windy morning as one often meets at an early duck flight, she set off from Cardington with a small crew and a few passengers (and those experts), carrying 10,000 gallons of petrol and equipped with a clever device for storing or generating water for use as ballast. Without the slightest hitch she crossed the Atlantic in easily a record time, which remains a record to her goal despite very leisurely progress along the north bank of the St. Lawrence when fabric trouble in a fin, due to a violent squall, caused a very anxious hour. England now claims the biggest and fastest proved airship in the world. A feather in her cap and in those of her designers and the great firm of Vickers. None can have felt more satisfaction in her achievement than Sir Dennistoun Burney, who was on board.

Significant September. — Last September there took place in Britain conferences which might well have produced important consequences in the history of the world. As I have often remarked, September has changed her face in a generation. The month of holidays and sport for all has become the month of statesmanship and political ideals, and the coming September may prove a month of greater hisorical consequence than its predecessor. The British Empire may be likened to a swallow and her brood of nestlings. For the first time in the sequence of Imperial Conferences it is apparent that the birds have flown. The nestlings are sitting in a row alongside their proud parents on the same telegraph wire. They have learned to fend for themselves. It is no longer a conference of elders. Economic problems affect every one of the brood, and each has a voice in the parliament. It is our firm belief and our great hope that, though each will choose and plan its own nest, in the years to come the same house-eaves will still shelter all the brood. When London returns to normal work-a-day existence, the general conception of the meaning of Empire may well have changed and it is not impossible that the nightmare of the past months—the Indian question — may have given place to a dawn of hope and calmness.

Heigh ho! the Wind and the Rain. —For the rain it raineth every day! That was our topical quotation last week. Truly when the summer weather breaks, as it always does in July or August for a long spell, our climate is as beastly as any. We are so vulnerable in July, with Goodwood and cricket and polo and people's holidays. The opening days at Goodwood were indeed as unpleasant as could be. Everybody went racing—after their hats and in search of shelter. Waste paper blew like snowflakes from the Trundle. Women were sombrely dressed in tweed coats. Men wore bowlers crammed down on their heads like competitors in a Kilkenny Point-to-Point, and then the weather gloriously relented for forty-eight hours! As for that fourth Test, it succeeded in damping my moribund enthusiasm for Test cricket for a decade at least. There has been altogether too much writing about it and too little play. And hundreds of holiday-makers have remembered with a pang of longing their snug suburban villas complete with garage. Just the place for a dripping, suffering car with its eternally clicking windscreen-wiper.

A British Team. — Like all good sportsmen (?), I call a blessing on the endeavours of our polo team—so painfully and exhaustively selected to uphold the honour of Britain in America this fall. The team represents Britain but hardly the mettle of our pastures. If ever a British team was cosmopolitan this one is. Of the four players, none has played much of his polo in this country. Their experience has been gained in Ireland, America, and South America. Only one can claim to be in any sense a "compleat" Englishman. The team indeed is representative not so much of Britain as of the age. It is thoroughly democratic and thoroughly cosmopolitan. I have sympathized and shall continue to sympathize with Captain Tremayne. He has a drove of kittle cattle to lead to market. Polo teams are notoriously difficult to guide along the path of peace. The members are too prone to make conditions and even to sulk if these conditions are not accepted. The brothers Roark play their best when both brothers are selected to play. And the ponies, bless their hearts, play so huge a part in the success of the venture, financially and otherwise.

The Old Stagers.—Old soldiers—should it read Old Stagers—never die. The post-prandial jest, which originated at the Blenheim Hotel in Bond Street on a July evening in 1845, has grown to be one of the most prized institutions in this country. I Zingari has existed eighty-five years and is now the recognized *arbiter elegantiarum* in the sphere of cricket, indeed of sport. Mr. Baldwin and Lord Plumer never look prouder than when they sit at Lord's wearing the I.Z. tie, having obtained "this freedom" with the great price of public service. And *The Old Stagers*, I.Z.'s sister who went on the stage, is eighty-five, too. She looks a mere girl to the "nobility, the gentry, and the public," before whom (importantly graded in the hungry 'forties) she made her first bow when Peel was Prime Minister and Wellington his right-hand man, when anti-corn-law and railroad mania convulsed the burgesses of Canterbury. Political manias vary, premiers die and are forgotten, railways give place to air-ways, but the Old Stagers open punctually every August at Canterbury, unchanging, and unhurried, and unafraid.

Vox et Præterea . . .—Bobby Jones never says to the reporters on the eve of the "Open": "I guess I shall wipe the floor with the best of your British golfers with 19 up and 18 to play." Chapman never says (and wisely): "You can take it that the last two Test matches won't need playing. We shall go through the Cornstalks like a Tank." Tilden never said: "Tennis? Those Frenchies haven't yet learned the A.B.C. of the game." It is left apparently to third-rate boxers and to politicians of all grades to thunder out assurances of sweeping victory on the eve of contests. Thus our Conservative member on the eve of the late lamented general election. Thus Scott, the hero of Herne Bay, on his departure for Wimbledon. It is all very cheap and nasty, this boosting of half-baked boxers. Never was there such a device for bringing fools into a circle as the staging of heavy-weight championships. Scott is forgotten for ever; he has returned to the oblivion which he never should have quitted. The hero of Herne Bay changed in an hour to the Aunt Sally of Wimbledon. It is a lesson for the politicians.

Buried Treasure.—Mr. Gyles Isham, whose acting I have admired at Oxford, is at work on a job which has been the ideal of my dreams. He is engaged on a literary treasure hunt among the archives of Lamport Hall, time out of mind the home of the Ishams. I believe that still, despite the famous find in the 'sixties of the unique copy of *Venus and Adonis*, the Lamport archives may yield rich treasure. Already Mr. Isham has come across a real historical document, a very long account of Sir Walter Raleigh's brave conduct before and on the scaffold, written by his confessor. The contents of this letter are, as a matter of fact, already history, but the original now comes to light to prove the wisdom of Macaulay, to confound Bacon's admirers, and to wring a tear from the soft-hearted brotherhood, to which I belong, who dearly love relics and faded ink, and old, far-off, forgotten things.

The Testing of Amy Johnson.—Amy Johnson, our peculiar pride and, for a brief space, the world's heroine, was only at the beginning of her long trial when she reached Port Darwin. Then it was that the real efforts of the inquisitors began. Every known device was tried by the Sensationalists to make a spoilt darling of her—to turn her from a modest, commonplace, simple-minded girl into a star turn whose views on politics, sex problems, religion, etc., would naturally be of prime importance in the eyes of premiers, professors, and archbishops. To judge by her demeanour throughout the welcome programme on Monday, she has come triumphantly through this second and still more gruelling test. Certainly she read out with astonishing composure that carefully prepared puff of the *Daily Mail*. For a brief time the efforts of the tormentors will be continued—unsuccessfully we hope.

Cowes.—Never has yachting seemed more attractive. A breath of salt air is what the doctor orders for everyone's complaint. We are sad, stale, sour, and run down. The national deficiency complex is terribly obvious to every foreigner and to the few observant Britons. We have had a brief and really disagreeable experience—the whole nation has suddenly seen and heard the breakers ahead and known the feeling of being on a lee shore. If you want to drive out a deficiency complex, pursue with keenness a world-old sport, the business of driving a boat over the bounding sea, a business at which Britons have shone for a thousand years. The Solent is a narrow sea with real charm even for a landsman. On the South the wooded hills and little downs of the Island have a strange fascination, on the North the mouths of the Hampshire rivers are mysteriously inviting. A blue sky flecked with white clouds and a blue sea flecked with white sail, these are the things to restore morale and drive out depression.

THE OLD STAGER

A ROYAL VISIT IN THE RAIN: The Prince of Wales arrives in Belgium, where he was the guest of the King and Queen of the Belgians, in the rain. The Prince flew to Brussels, and wore for the journey an extremely smart flying suit

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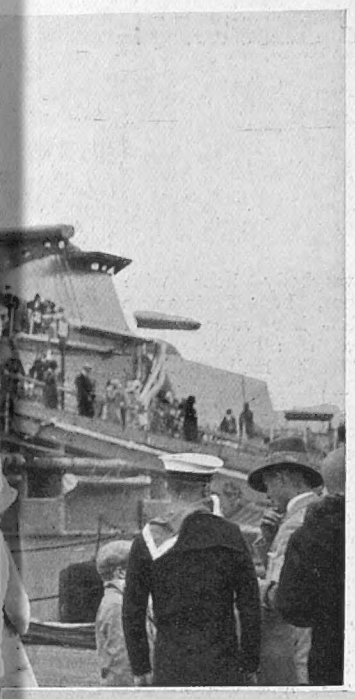
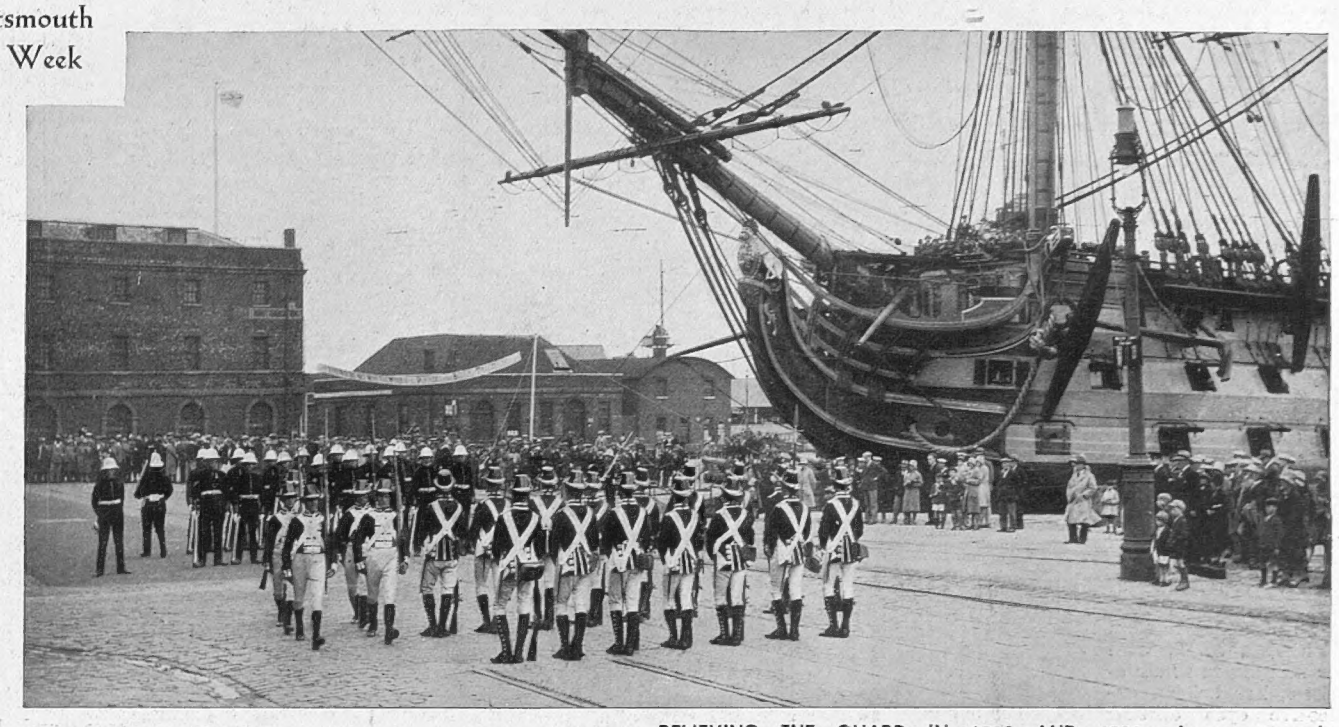
SEEING THE BRITISH NAVY for A SHILLING:

"The Sphere" Visits Portsmouth Dockyard During Navy Week





RELIEVING THE GUARD IN 1805 AND 1930 — A comparison in drill and uniform under the bows of the "Victory." You have the 1805 men in the foreground and the Royal Marine Guards of to-day behind. The ceremony of relieving the guard takes place daily at the hour from 2 o'clock until 6 o'clock

FIRING TORPEDOES FROM AN ATLANTIC FLEET DESTROYER'S DECK TUBES is one of the most stirring moments in the day's programme. The crew take their places as in real action, adding to the realism of the display

the queue, some twenty in number, are admitted on to the gleaming decks of this splendid fighting-ship built after one of the best all-round designs ever produced, says our official guide-book, and she certainly is a splendid vessel, much more symmetrical and pleasing to the eye than H.M.S. *Nelson* with its long tray of guns, an unbalanced silhouette which is due, not to original design, but to the Washington Treaty, which limited her to 35,000 tons and size of guns to 16-inch. However, here we are on the *Barham*, and you are astounded at the size of her huge 15-inch gun-turrets. You pick up what you can from your squadron-leader, a bright young bluejacket who is cautioned to keep ahead of his party, "Lead 'em," cries the petty officer, and we laymen humbly follow our leader, even to some of the upper works of the control galleries. We learn that the *Barham* takes its name from the Lord Barham who was First Lord of the Admiralty when the Battle of Trafalgar was fought. We pass next to the *Furious*, the extraordinarily top-heavy looking aircraft-carrier, with its sombre black sides. We penetrate her lower deck, which takes the heavier type of 'planes, and climb to the wide upper deck which takes the lighter 'planes. We see the lifts specially shaped for conveying planes rapidly to and from one deck to the other. We catch sight of the splendid vision of the old *Victory*, resplendent in glowing paint, with able seamen and marine sentries in 1805 rig, all looking very picturesque in red, white, and blue under the flashing sunlight of a cloud-driven sky. We plunge into the bowels of complicated submarines, peer up through periscopes, and realize what a difficult task it must be to spot distant craft in dirty weather. We realize too what ward-room life on a submarine must be, for you bite over the ward-room almost before you have entered it. You pick up all sorts of interesting details as you wander round from one side to another. When you are not looking at anything else you can visit one of the nimble destroyers which are moored alongside at various places. You can see the little bomb-throwers fixed like dogs at attention, which are used for pitching depth charges at an enemy submarine. If you arrive at the right hour you can see these actually in use and shining copper sharks of destruction being fired from the deck torpedo tubes of the large destroyer. Winded in your pursuit of knowledge and entertainment, you climb an airy gangway to the deck of H.M.S. *Hood* where the special two-shilling tea attracts all ranks and classes. This battleship is undergoing heavy repairs at the moment, and the words "Do not move this" scrawled in chalk on the grey sides of a mass of steel arouses much hilarity among the visiting families. "Thought I'd take it away in me 'andbag, I suppose." Its all very jolly and bright and certainly by far the best shillings-worth going anywhere at the present time.

"LOOK—THERE'S MAGGIE BONDFIELD": A Satirical Impression of the Strangers' Gallery, by Eric Fraser

WOMEN in PARLIAMENT

Do we need them?

Question and Answer

By CHARLES T. KING

Ex-Chairman of the Parliamentary Lobbyists

THOUGHTS at the END of a SESSION:

The women M.P.'s have not added to the statute book very much that would not have been added to it if they had not been there, but they do sometimes give spots of colour and entertainment to the House of Commons.

To see Miss Ellen Wilkinson, M.P., with her flaming red hair a-bristle, her bright, expressive eyes darting defiance at the benches opposite, shooting up from her seat in her vivid green dress and pouring scorn on her shouting, taunting rows of opponents in a sudden scene, is to realize that the women M.P.'s are adding occasionally to the tones if not to the tone.

The entry of women into the House of Commons has not elevated the standard of debate, improved parliamentary manners, or thrown up a woman Burke, Disraeli, Gladstone, Asquith, Birkenhead, Lloyd George, or Churchill. They work hard on domestic and other subjects, but it would be difficult to say that they have made much addition to the sum of Things Done.

I saw the suffragettes as they stood screaming "Votes for Women!" when they had chained themselves by the waists to the then existing Ladies' Gallery grille in the House of Commons, and I have watched their doings in Parliament since, and I often wonder what it has all been worth.

Personally, of course, each one of the women M.P.'s is interesting in herself.

The one who has been in Parliament the longest is Lady Astor, the petite, mercurial Conservative M.P. for Plymouth. Many of the men Labour members and some Liberals and Conservatives are pretty strong on flinging interruptions into other people's speeches, but I think Lady Astor is the Champion Interrupter. It was estimated that on a famous occasion when the House was discussing women's votes she cried "Hear! hear!" 160 times in the course of the debate.

I have often seen her shake her fist roguishly or give a jab with her silver pencil in her white-gloved fingers at those holding opposite views to hers. Every time a Minister announces the names of the members of any new board, committee, or council, or a list of delegates, Lady Astor springs up, vehement and vigorous in her black and white dress, her three-cornered or broad-brimmed hat, her pretty white spray of flowers, and her occasional pink flush, and vigorously demands that women shall be added to it. She wants women added on everything. She believes that they, like her, would bring in peace and prohibition.

Her mind—and tongue—move with the rapidity of a machine-gun. A Labour member was declaiming one night on the aims of his party:

"We are out to abolish war ——"

"Class war?" cried Lady Astor, with the speed of lightning.

Another persistent fighter, though more gentle in method and mien, is the Duchess of Atholl. I have seen her standing up, a dark little woman, black-haired, bare-headed, and resolute in her long black dress, battling with hostile rows of heavy deep bass voices surging over her like thick waves from the Labour benches opposite her. The Duchess has not the hectic fire of Lady Astor nor the flaming pugnacity of eyes and mouth, hair and dress, which distinguish that tiny mite, Miss Ellen Wilkinson. But she can give back "as good as they send her."

As for Miss Wilkinson, who is the smallest, or smallest but one, of the 615 M.P.'s, she is, when roused, a pocket *flammenwerfer*. One night at the latter end of the recent Baldwin Government I saw her, a fiery speck of colour, jumping up and down in the vortex of an uproar, jammed among a crowd of big, hefty Labour shoulders on the crowded benches, and it seemed to me she was trying hard to get herself suspended by the Speaker by repeatedly defying the rules of order. The Chair had in the previous few minutes suspended several men Labour M.P.'s, so why shouldn't a woman be in it!

The Speaker cruelly abstained from suspending the Fire Jet. Miss Wilkinson's last novel was appropriately called *Clash*. She is writing another which is to give "modern" life with the lid off!

The greatest expression of calm and cool assumption in the House of Commons is exhibited by the youngest member, Miss Jennie Lee. The bad start she made when, utterly new to Parliament at the age of twenty-four, she treated the House of Commons to a scornful and derisive lecture from her own lofty view-point, telling statesmen and other M.P.s old enough to be her father or her grandfather just what they ought to have done and what they ought not to do now, will be long remembered.

The traditional note of the maiden speech in the House of Commons is humility. That would not do for this dark-haired Socialist, reproving-eyed, brown-costumed, newly-arrived girl school-teacher from Lanarkshire.

For real superiority, however, we have to come to Miss Susan Lawrence. Tall, close-shingled, flute-voiced, grey-haired, perfectly gowned, lofty-minded, this brainy woman pours scorn on mere Conservative and Liberal men with an acid-sweet smile on her round and learned features as though she expected them to wither. When I listen to Miss Susan Lawrence, the Under-Minister of Health, dissecting the rows of Conservatives and Liberals opposite her, and watch the curl of her lips, and sense her biting look and mordant words, and enjoy the acid playfulness of this smooth, erect, unshakable monument in silk, I find myself almost expecting the rows of men to dwindle.

Miss Margaret Bondfield, Socialist Minister of Labour, is the first woman to get into the Cabinet. Her gifts as a speaker are more suitable for a mass meeting than for the House. She is a little woman, plump, and she has been a bit too much given to the attitude of the school teacher for the liking of the House of Commons. Miss Bondfield has a way of emphasizing her contentions by pointing a lead pencil at the House and the men do not relish it.

Of course "Maggie's" knowledge of Trade Union affairs and the business of the Ministry of Labour is profound, as she has worked for trade unions for a lifetime.

Miss Eleanor Rathbone, the one Independent woman M.P., sits at the farthest end of the House, bare-headed, a strongly-built woman with ample grey hair, and she not only makes everybody hear with ease, but I imagine that her voice would reach all over the Albert Hall without difficulty.

Mrs. Mary Hamilton, Socialist member for Blackburn, is a thin wavy-haired woman full of force, who talks in conversation at 200 words a minute, is always adorned with a bright red flower, a bright red document case, and bright red shoes, and has a profound knowledge of Labour, Socialism, Geneva, the Hague, America, and the life of Ramsay MacDonald which she has written. She seldom speaks in the House, but serves on no end of committees, party, national and international.

A slim girlish little smiling figure flitting about the House and corridors in pretty blue, like a happy summer butterfly, is the only Liberal woman M.P. This is Miss Megan Lloyd George. So there is at least one Liberal who is a whole-hearted supporter of "The Welsh Wizard"! During the first session of the new Parliament, which lasted from June, 1929, to August, 1930, "Megan" has contributed to the House one speech, much committee work, and a delightful smile.

The two biggest women are on the Socialist benches. These are the tall, dignified Miss Picton Turbervill, M.P. for The Wrekin, writer and preacher, and Dr. Marion Phillips, D.Sc., Australian born, who has a terrible knowledge of economics, has spoken with force on the Plinth in Trafalgar Square, says little in the House, and gives her massive energies to much organizing work for the Socialists.

By way of contrast there is the slight, grey-haired figure of Dr. Ethel Bentham. She speaks about once or twice a year.

Aristocracy and Socialism, beauty, an appealing voice, and an enormous belief in her husband, Sir Oswald Mosley, M.P., are combined in the personality of Lady Cynthia Mosley. She is the daughter of George Nathaniel Curzon, who was described as "a superior purzon," orator, and Viceroy of India, and she looks it.

Lady Cynthia stands up at rare intervals from the middle of a bunch of burly Labour men. Tall, bare-headed, well-made, tastefully dressed, a tiny smile on her face, she gives Conservatives and Liberals the gospel of Socialism in a distinguished style reminiscent of the Marquis Curzon. When her husband, Sir Oswald Mosley, is speaking, Lady Cynthia fixes her eyes on him with an admiring smile, all the time. She is the rich Labour M.P. for Stoke-on-Trent and heir-presumptive to the Barony of Ravensdale.

Lady Iveagh, M.P., speaks about once a year in the House, and steals in sometimes quietly, a gentle figure in black and white, and sits on a back bench silently surveying the scene, listens, shows no vivid interest, has a final settled and satisfied look on her pleasant features, then walks gently out. She is a descendant of the great Speaker Onslow. She works outside on party councils and platforms.

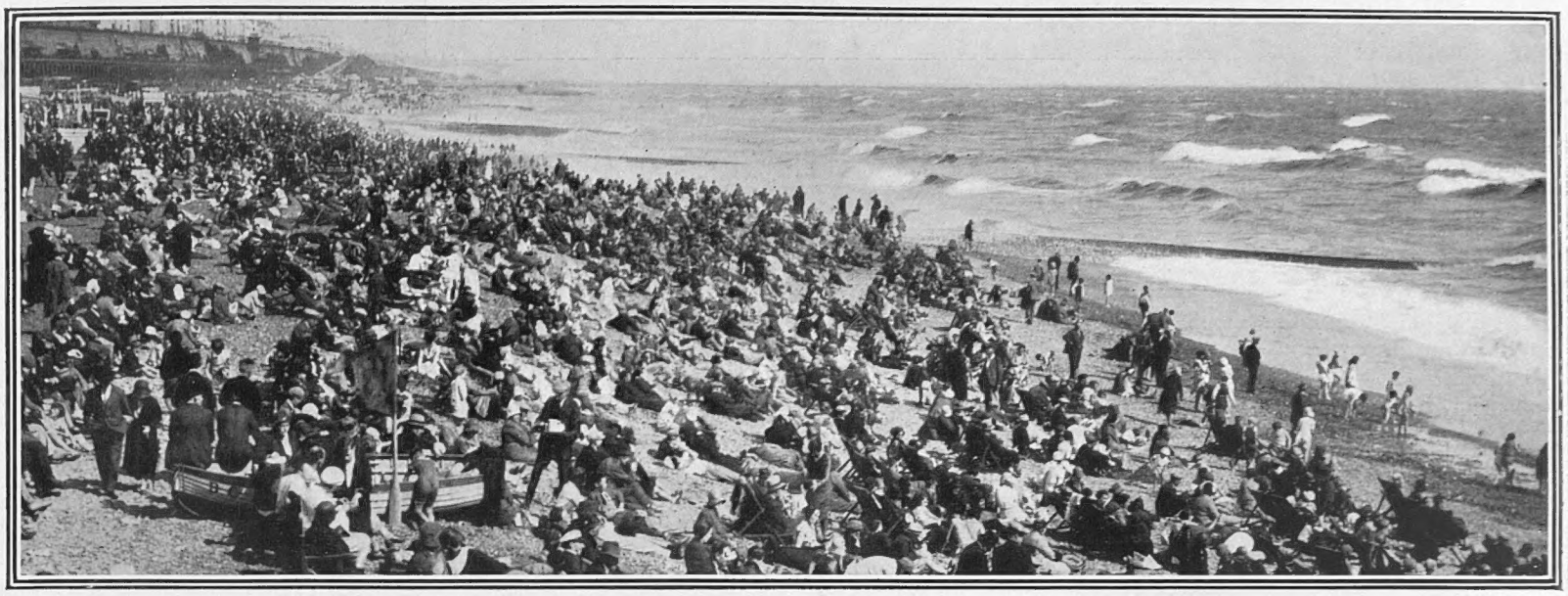
Lady Noel Buxton, Socialist, the remaining woman M.P., only got into Parliament at the end of the session on her husband being elevated to the House of Lords. So what she is going to do we do not know.

The question is being asked: Do we need women M.P.'s? No.

The House of Lords which is a much more business-like place does without women and has recently decided to keep on doing without them. Still, in the Commons the women have come to stay, they are useful at times on divorce, marriage, and home problems, and they add something to the play of personalities and the general adornment of the green benches of the Chamber.

HOLIDAY-MAKING IN DIVERS WAYS

A Trio of Pictures from Brighton, London, and Croagh Patrick



"LONDON-BY-THE-SEA": The Bank Holiday crowd at Brighton could only look at the sea, for a 70-mile-an-hour gale conduces neither to safe bathing nor enjoyable boating

A PERILOUS PASTIME: Three countries—England (2 entries), Germany, and Roumania—were represented in a canoe race from Westminster Pier to Paris. The boats were to keep together over the Channel and start racing down the French rivers

A HOLIDAY THAT IS A HOLY DAY: The Rev. Dr. Paschal Robinson, the Apostolic Nuncio to Saorstat Eireann, participated in the annual pilgrimage to Croagh Patrick, an annual event celebrated for centuries on the last Sunday of the seventh month. The Trysting of the Gael is held on the summit of the mountain. This year the crowds were a record. The Papal Nuncio is seen above at the statue of St. Patrick three-quarters of the way up the mountain-side. Just behind is the Most Rev. Dr. Kilmartin, Archbishop of Tuam

"JOHNNIE" RETURNS from the ANTIPODES

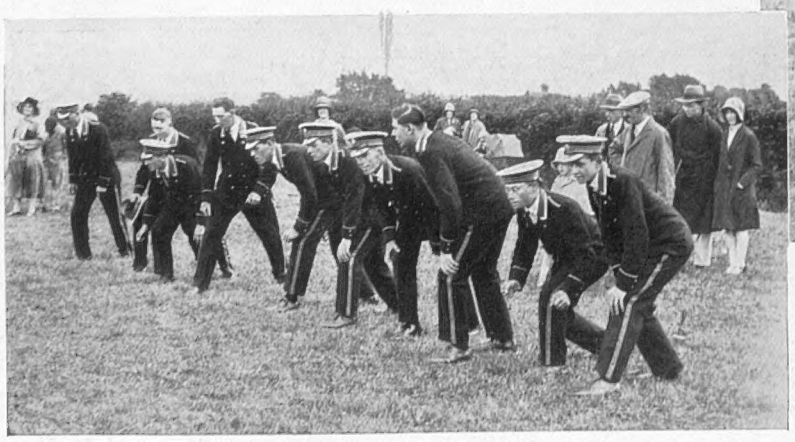
Miss Amy Johnson in the Bosom of her Family : A Free-and-Easy Riviera Fashion : The Season of Flower Shows

AMY JOHNSON'S FAMILY GROUP: The heroine of the Australia flight with her father and mother and her two sisters at the Grosvenor House Hotel. The Viking strain—a precious heritage of the Johnsons—is more clearly discernible in the heroine herself than in the other members of her family. Trained to a hair, Miss Johnson is indefatigable, enduring the plaudits of the crowd and the ordeal of speech-making with the same equanimity as that with which she faced the perils of her flight. Her return to England has been marked with a great procession organized by "The Daily Mail," a newspaper which presented her with a cheque for £10,000 in recognition of her spectacular achievement, and the gift of a motor-car, with a mascot in the form of a miniature "Jason," the second-hand Gypsy Moth of her historic flight, presented by Sir William Morris through the agency of "The Daily Mail." Miss Johnson (who likes to be known as "Johnnie") was entertained by Lieut.-Commander the Hon. J. M. Kenworthy, R.N., the Member for Central Hull. A great banquet was given in "Johnnie's" honour at the Savoy on Wednesday. She sat down with scores of the successful and brilliant youth of Britain

FASHION IN THE SOUTH OF FRANCE: Mrs. Condon at Eden Roc, Juan-les-Pins, in a bathing costume over which are worn a pair of multi-coloured trousers. White high-heeled shoes and a silk handkerchief turban complete the ensemble

AT THE HOOE FLOWER SHOW: Eager crowds of children and their parents clustering round the toy stall organized by Mrs. Eric Froy

AT HOOE: Mr. L. Hansard Gabb, President of the Flower Show (on left), Mr. Eric Froy (centre), and Mrs. Vivian Hall (right)



THE BANDSMEN OF HOOE in full regalia, at the start of the bandsmen's race, one of the items in the sports programme at the Hooe Flower Show

This is the season of flower shows throughout the country—the moment when rustic gardeners can proudly display their prize roses and pet cucumbers and super cabbages to the envious eyes of their fellow villagers. The three pictures reproduced here were taken at Hooe, the historical old-world village in East Sussex, where a combined flower show and sports meeting was held last week

A TELEVISION ADVANCE

The First Public Exhibition of Moving and Speaking Figures by Television at the Coliseum

The first public exhibition of moving and speaking figures seen by the aid of television is now being given daily on the stage of the Coliseum. For a year or so past televisor instruments have been obtainable by which it has been possible to see moving figures transmitted through the ether from a television studio to the possessor of a receiving-set. The vision thus obtained has measured some 3 in. long and has been magnified up by the use of a large lens. During the past year the technical side of television has advanced to a degree which has made it possible to show to a huge audience such as that gathered in the Coliseum, a television projection sufficiently large for the audience to see the vision of a human being who is talking to them from a distance. In this case the studio is away in Long Acre, not so very far, you will say, from the Coliseum, but that makes no difference. It might have been 500 miles away.

How the Television face appears out of the dark stage at the Coliseum

There is no doubt as to the thrill which one receives on seeing for the first time a television demonstration of this kind. A programme of varied interest has been proceeding on its usual course when the television number is announced. The theatre is plunged into darkness. In a setting of black curtains appears a small screen on which appear the moving features of various speakers who take their place before the transmitter in Long Acre and address the Coliseum audience. A demonstrator, telephone in hand, informs the audience of the nature of the invention, the exhibition of which they are now seeing. A human face appears upon the screen and begins to speak to us. It oscillates up and down, gradually becoming steadier as the demonstration proceeds. There is a kind of musliny effect all over the screen, but through this one can distinctly make out the features of well-known personages. One not only hears them speak to one but sees their lips moving. The face turns from left to right. "Would any member of the audience like to ask a question of the speaker?" says the demonstrator. "Put your hand up," says a voice from the blackness. The demonstrator transmits the request by telephone to Long Acre. The speaker puts his hand up to his chin in response to the request. The movement is perfectly visible to every part of the house, in spite of surface defects, the screen renders the various tones of the face all before us.

The screen of 2,100 lamps, which makes it possible to show all the movements of people hundreds of miles away

Hitherto it has not been possible to show brilliant images on a large screen. In previous television demonstrations on large screens, owing to the small quantity of light available, special transparent screens had to be used, and even then the images were so lacking in brilliance as to be unsatisfactory. This difficulty has now been overcome entirely by using (in place of the neon tubes and Kerr cells utilized in past experiments) ordinary filament lamps arranged to form a screen. These lamps are lit up one after another in rapid succession, and give a picture of a brilliancy rivalling that of the cinematograph. By their successful application to television a great barrier to screen projection—lack of brilliancy—has been finally overcome.

Although the device used was patented by Mr. Baird as far back as 1923, great technical difficulties had to be overcome before a practical apparatus could be constructed, and it is only now, seven years after the original conception of the idea, that the inventor has been able to put it into successful operation.

Method of Operation

The receiving screen demonstrated consists of 2,100 little metal filament lamps, each little lamp being set in a cubicle, so that the screen appears like a gigantic honeycomb, with 2,100 cells, the centre of each being a small electric lamp. The front of the cells is covered with a sheet of ground glass. Each of these little lamps is connected to a separate bar of a gigantic commutator, which switches on only one lamp at a time, and, as the contact of the commutator revolves, each of the little lamps is switched on in succession. The contact switches on and off the whole of the 2,100 lamps in one-twelfth of a second.

In operation the incoming television signal is first of all amplified, and this powerful current is then fed to the revolving commutator, which switches it to every lamp in turn. The current is strong at a bright part of the picture and weak at a dim part, so that the little lamps are bright or dark accordingly, and the picture is built up of a mosaic of bright and dark lamps.

This device differs from any other television device previously shown in that the lamps are not instantaneous in their action, and remain alight for quite a considerable time, and it is on this fact that, to a great extent, the success of the new device depends. Instead of, as in previous systems, the picture being reproduced by a little spot of light, a large number of the little lamps are alight simultaneously, giving the effects of great brilliancy and considerably reducing flicker. This new apparatus has overcome the last barrier in placing television in the cinema—the difficulty which had hitherto existed of obtaining a sufficiently brilliant screen, and while the expense and complexity of the new receiver place it far beyond the reach of the private owner, the cost of an apparatus capable of showing full-size cinema scenes will be well within the reach of cinematograph proprietors.

The screen at the Coliseum has been specially designed to receive the standard Baird transmissions now being sent out through the B.B.C., and as these transmissions are limited by the B.B.C. regulations to a restricted amount of detail, the screen has accordingly only a limited number of lamps. There is nothing, however, to prevent a screen of any desired magnitude being built for the use of the cinema and pictures of any desired amount of detail being supplied to the cinemas from a central studio by means of land-lines.

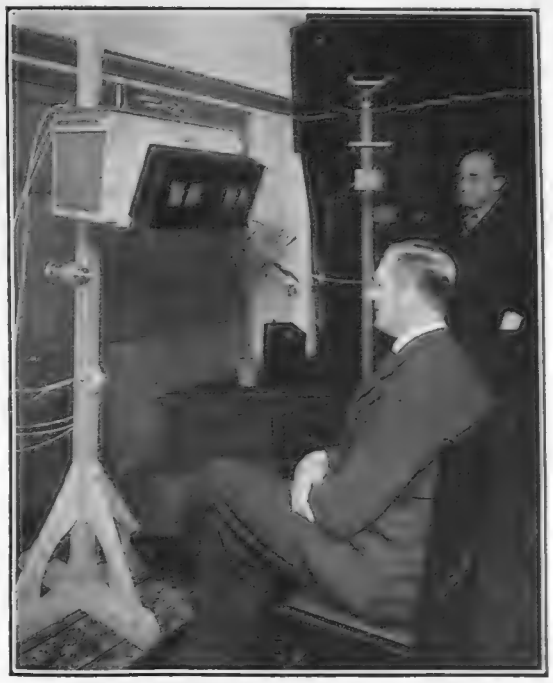
Mr. Baird believes that the cinema theatre of the future will be equipped with television screens upon which events of the day will be seen and heard at the instant they are occurring. In addition, the present method of circulating films to every cinema will become obsolete, and one master film will be projected from a central studio and fed to the television screen of the various subscribing cinema theatres.

Tele-talkies were demonstrated in the Baird laboratories about twelve months ago and can, of course, be sent and received on the ordinary television screens in the same way as television proper.

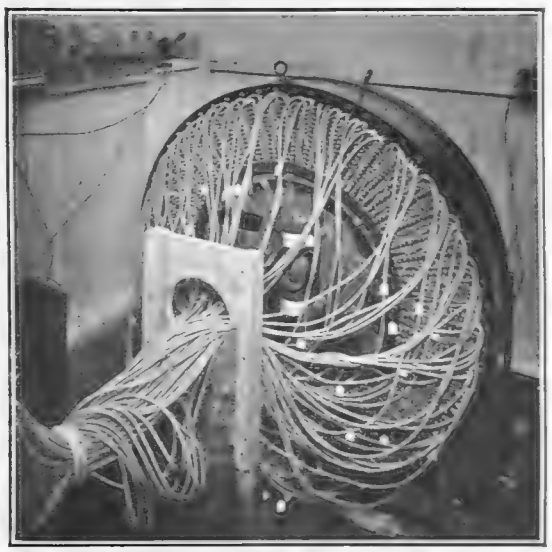
Procedure in America differs somewhat from that employed by the Baird Television Company. At a recent exhibition at the Proctor Theatre, Schenectady, the performers appeared before the television camera in an improvised studio in the laboratory of Dr. Alexanderson at the General Electric plant. Light impulses converted into electrical impulses or radio signals were sent out by a transmitter in the laboratory on a wave-length of 140 metres. A microphone close to the artist picked up his speech and song and converted the sound into electrical impulses which were carried by wire to a short-wave transmitter at South Schenectady, from which point they went on the air on a wave-length of 92 metres.

At the theatre R. D. Kell, assistant to Dr. Alexanderson in television research in the rôle of operator, received the picture or light impulses, reproduced them on a small monitor telopticon and then transferred these impulses to the light valve at which point the light was broken up to produce an image corresponding in every detail to the subject at the studio. Head and shoulders only were shown. A second receiver picked up the sound signal and fed it into loud-speakers.

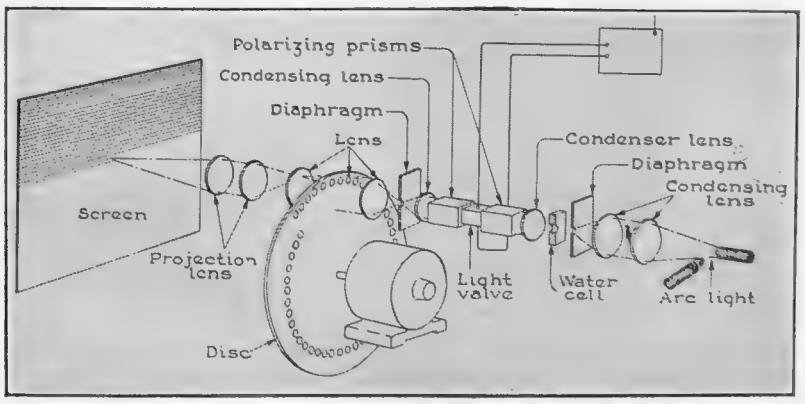
In the television studio the method was similar to that used by Dr. Alexanderson in previous demonstrations. The subject to be televized stands before an incandescent lamp. Between the subject and the light is a metal disc about the size of a bicycle wheel and drilled with forty-eight holes. The revolving disc covers the complete subject twenty times per second; that is, there are twenty complete picturesmade up of light and shade. A large square frame contains four photo-electric tubes sensitive to light. The tubes respond 40,000 times per second to impulses reflected back from the subject.



Bombardier Billy Wells and Mr. S. A. Moseley before the transmitting apparatus at the Baird Television Studios in Long Acre. The box in front of the sitter contains the transmitting apparatus



The commutator and selector (revolving disc) used in conjunction with the screen of lamps for the Coliseum demonstration



American method of television projection differs from the procedure at the Coliseum. As here shown there is a series of lenses, and the projection is through the selector disc with its punched holes on to a ground glass screen

THE BRITISH NAVY of TO-DAY

The Personal Side of the Pressing Cruiser Question

The material side of the cruiser problem, which is bound to arise in 1936 if the somewhat idealistic hopes of the present Administration are not fulfilled, has already been dealt with, and to the average layman, who can understand the situation with only a smattering of technical knowledge, and who can quite easily check the figures, it appears to be very serious indeed. But to the naval man the question of personnel is far more serious, although perhaps its understanding calls for more appreciation and knowledge of the Navy of to-day.

Manning a fleet in an emergency has always been one of the greatest problems of the British administration from the days of King Alfred onwards, but in the next war it will be more formidable than it has ever been before. From the time of the Norman kings to the end of the Napoleonic wars the outbreak of war merely meant bringing a number of ships out of the reserve where they had been more or less preserved, building more as rapidly as possible, and sending the press gang round to find crews for them. Nominally the gangs were only supposed to take trained seamen, and actually this order was obeyed far more frequently than is generally supposed. The balance, the hairdressers and the like of whom one reads so much in fiction, were soon found unskilled jobs as "waisters"—employed in the waist of the ship—until they had been made into seamen by the cat-o'-nine-tails and the rattan canes which all the warrant officers carried.

In those days the policy of every British captain, as opposed to the French, who went in for scientific gunnery, was to lay as close alongside the enemy as possible and to hammer his ship to pieces at a range which scarcely permitted a miss. There was therefore very little purely naval technique to learn, and the man who had done a voyage or two in an Indiaman was quite capable of doing all the seaman's jobs which fell to his lot on board a man-of-war. The first change came with the improvement in gunnery and the establishment, just a hundred years ago, of a permanent corps of trained seamen gunners. The other ratings were still taken into the Service temporarily as they were wanted, but gradually the idea of a permanent force spread to the whole of the lower deck.

The Navy of to-day is very different from what it was in the press-gang period. There are very few unskilled jobs left in a man-of-war, even the most simple requiring perfect training to obtain the efficiency and smoothness of working that is demanded. That is the principal reason why the type of bluejacket has changed so completely within the last few years, it being frequently said that the entrance examination into a bank is as easy as that into the Royal Navy—a gross exaggeration of course, but indicative of the change that has been wrought.

To build up a fleet of cruisers at short notice would be an expensive matter in any circumstances, but there is no reason to think that it would be beyond the powers of the British shipbuilding industry. To build up the personnel to take them to sea and to maintain the standard that is absolutely necessary for naval warfare is quite another matter. In the early 'nineties the bluejacket was not nearly as scientific a man as he is to-day and was far more easily trained, yet we have the experience of the Navy after the Naval Defence Act of 1889 as an example.

The fleet was woefully short of cruisers, France and Russia were both building with the avowed intention of attacking our commerce should opportunity arise, and by a colossal effort forty-two cruisers were built in a short space of time. But there were no men to take them, and the new battleships, to sea, and the majority of them had to spend at least two years in reserve, some of them very much more, before they could be put to any use. The *Latona*, for instance, was delivered early in 1891, and it was not until 1905 that she was finally completed with a full crew for a full commission; until then she had only been on service for short periods for manœuvres.

That was in the days when it only required a comparatively short training to make an efficient seaman, and when there was a wave of naval interest over the country. The establishment went steadily forward; the number of men actually borne was always behind—72,245 against 74,100 in 1892, 79,862 against 83,400 in 1894, and 97,518 against 106,390 in 1898. Will it be any easier to raise men in 1936?

BETWEEN DECKS: A wash and brush-up before going ashore

YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY: The sailor's handkerchief bundle is being rapidly replaced by the week-end valise

The tendency is for men-of-war to become more intricate and complicated with every class.

That tendency calls particularly for the finest and most experienced petty officers, and both peace and war have always shown that this rank is the most difficult to fill. Even after four years of war the Admiralty were a little apprehensive of giving commissioned rank to petty officers on account of the difficulty of filling their places, and with the spread of the short service system the situation is worse now. In this the German Navy has a big advantage over ours, for they refuse to consider a man unless he volunteers for a minimum of twelve years' service, and they have a large number of potential petty officers should the Treaty of Versailles be relaxed.

As usual, the Navy will have to depend upon its reserves to a large extent in war time, the Royal Naval Reserve of professional seamen, and the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve of enthusiastic amateurs. In both these forces there is the usual post-War tendency, more than sufficient officers and far too few lower-deck ratings. Even if their ranks are filled up there are many jobs on board a modern cruiser which call for far more training than is possible with any reservist.

For the petty officers and the two grades of reservists, therefore, it is obvious that the Admiralty must before very long think of new incentives to service. The historic naval families of the lower deck, whose traditions were just as fine as those of the wardroom, are now, unfortunately, rapidly dying out, and there is a growing tendency to treat the Navy merely as a means of earning a living which must be considered in comparison with other livings ashore. From a Service point of view it is a tragically unfortunate tendency.

F. C. B.

THE MANNING OF THE ROYAL NAVY.

Year.	Commissioned and Warrant Officers.	P.O's., Men, and Boys.
1914	8,851*	130,962*
1918 (Nov.)	36,243*†	378,919*†
1919	34,095*	242,554*
1920	10,732*	119,024*
1921	9,040*	107,094*
1922	107,782*	
1923	6,889	88,053
1924	7,290	86,040
1925	7,035	88,578
1926	7,010	89,656
1927	7,392	89,168
1928	100,968	
1929	99,800	
1930	97,050	

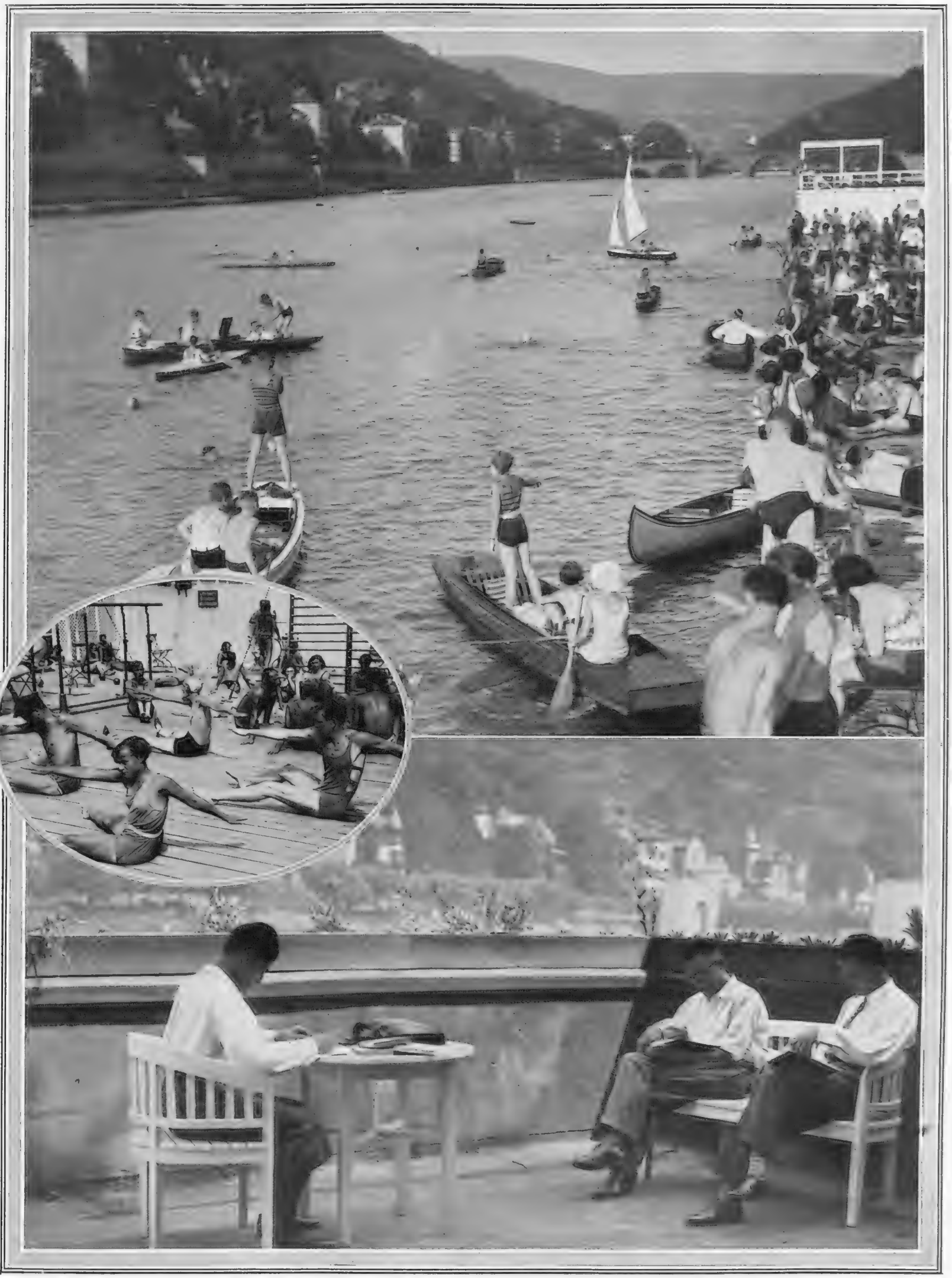
Including Royal Marines in all cases.

* *Includes the Coastguard, then an integral part of the Navy.*

† *Includes all serving afloat and in purely naval establishments, but excludes the Royal Naval Division and specially entered merchant service ratings (T. 124 Agreement, etc.). Previous and later figures exclude the R.N.R. and R.N.V.R.*

FACETS of the NEW "OLD HEIDELBERG"

Sport and Comradeship Replace the Drinking, Duelling, and Dissipation of the Old "Old Heidelberg"



ALFRESCO ACTIVITIES MARK THE METAMORPHOSIS OF THE TRADITIONAL HOME OF THE STUDENT PRINCE: The three pictures above show three phases of the life of a modern student of Heidelberg. Open air plays a great part in his existence which the bier-halle enacted yesteryear. Above, the students are seen on the Neckar — the traditional river of Romance. The sun-bath is now a place of gymnastics. Even work is done in the open air, as the undergraduates do the majority of their preparation and "home work" on the porches of their lodging-houses. Song, however, preserves its old appeal

THE NEW "OLD

CO-EDUCATION IN OLD HEIDELBERG: Typical students of to-day who fraternise freely. There is no feeling against the undergraduette, as there is at Oxford or Cambridge

HEIDELBERG IS HARD UP: This student has to content himself, in common with many others, with an attic. The suites of the romantic comedy are to-day luxuries of an enviable past

MONARCHISM VERSUS ... which are a cross between ... ments of Oxford or Cambridge institutions ...

Through the narrow Hauptstrasse of Old Heidelberg moves a slow procession of *droschken*, horse-drawn open carriages, in which sit, two by two, young men garbed in varying-coloured medieval uniform, their gloved hands resting before them on the basket-hilts of silver-scabbarded sabres. Over the back of each carriage proudly streams the flag of the student corporation of which the two occupants are the leaders. And across the left jaw of many of these young faces of boys hardly yet in their twenties, back from the corner of the mouth towards the ear stands out a significant scar—the unmistakable slash of the student duel.

Such was the procession I met one Sunday morning returning from the Friedhof, where sleeps Ebert, first President of the German Republic, born in a humble dwelling on a court off one of the narrowest *gassen* of Heidelberg, town of narrow ways. The casual visitor chancing upon such a sight might well imagine that the years of war and after-war have slid clean over the head of the famous old University town, leaving its student life unaltered since 1914. But he would be quite wrong.

Go to any of the *Vorlesungen*—the preliminary lectures which any student (or anybody else interested) may attend before deciding at which professors' feet he will sit during the term, and look around the lecture hall. More than a quarter of these students are girls—a thing incredible in Heidelberg less than a dozen years ago. And they are not here on semi-sufferance, as at older Universities of England. The Germans are a logical and thorough race. The Weimar Constitution of 1919 gave women the vote on equal terms with men, and their emancipation is probably to-day completer than in England. Certainly there is no sex bar in Heidelberg or other German Universities—so far at least as the University proper is concerned.

That is the condition which explains the apparent paradox of the persistence of the student duel side by side with the increasingly rapid feminising of Heidelberg—by young women mostly by no means of the gladiator-glorifying pre-War type. The organic life of a German University depends, in a degree often unrealized in this country, upon the organization of the students themselves. They do not, as at Oxford or Cambridge, live in colleges, but without exception in lodgings in the town. Nor do they, as in England, invariably make their whole course of studies in one University.

A young man or woman may attend lectures for a term or two at Heidelberg, for example, and then move on elsewhere—to Bonn or to Berlin. Heidelberg, situated at the entrance of the beautiful valley of the Neckar, superbly dominated by its great *Schloss*, the "Alhambra of Germany," and flanked on both sides by the still solitary Odenwald, is most favoured in summer for the charm of bathing and boating in its river and walking in its woods. The organic life of a German University is therefore much looser, the student population much more floating than is the case in England.

"ALL IN FAVOUR": A scene of voting in a student committee. These committees are not analogous to those of Russia. The caps of the various student communities are always worn and are raised in ceremonial drinking

THE ENTRANCE TO THE DINING-ROOM: There is no "college" life at Heidelberg and in consequence undergraduates and undergraduettes fraternise at meal times. Special facilities for cheap meals have been granted by the Government

It follows that to keep the continuity of the essential spirit of such a University as Heidelberg is predominantly the function not so much of the Senate as of the student corporations—and of these the traditional leaders are the "fighting" corporations. And there is another element besides tradition which preserves the duel. In most of the component States of the Reich duelling is now forbidden—if not as such, then under the heading of assault with intent to harm. Heidelberg is in the former Grand Duchy of Baden, and in Baden duelling is prohibited, and in Heidelberg the prohibition is enforced as strictly as possible. But—half-an-hour away up the valley of the Neckar and you are in Hesse, where duelling is tolerated.

It is a tempting situation for high-spirited young men in a University town whose air has rung for centuries with the clash of sabres. So, though the Gasthof zur Hirchgasse, classic scene of student combats, on the winding up-hill road to the Philosophers' Way and the Heiligenberg, and the Scheffelhaus where the author of *Old Heidelberg* staged most of the scenes of his comedy may have fallen from their pride of place in Heidelberg student life, higher up the valley of the Neckar you may still see boys, padded and goggled, slashing at one another's faces at the cry of "*Los.*"

Just the same, the student duel is dying out—slowly, as the tradition of beer-drinking in bulk is also dying out, though in this case faster. Heidelberg is not a place to be hurried. Prehistoric ramparts surround the summit of the Heiligenberg, where the Romans worshipped Mithras before Charlemagne built a Christian church. Its *Schloss* is a palimpsest of architecture. The town itself has been burned over and over again, and, apart from the Church

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UNDETERRED

A Quartette of Modern Airwomen

THE START OF THE EUROPE FLIGHT: Miss Winifred Spooner, who had as her passenger Mrs. A. S. Butler, the aviatrix wife of a notable pilot, before taking off in the International competition

ASPIRING TO THE ATLANTIC: Miss Leslie Mant of Putney is only 14½, but she is already studying for the Air Ministry's ground engineer's certificate. She has worked for two months at Heston, and when she has obtained this certificate she will begin to take actual flying instruction. Miss Mant, who is seen above repairing an engine at Heston, has vowed to fly to New York when she is seventeen

A GLASWEGIAN PILOT: Miss Winifred Drinkwater—one of the many members of her set and sex to train at the Scottish Flying Club, Renfrew

SEEKING NEW WORLDS TO CONQUER: The Hon. Mrs. Victor Bruce, who has won fame as a motorist, is now planning to write her name as large in the sky as she has done on land. She plans to take off on a long-distance flight to a secret destination. Mrs. Bruce is seen above familiarizing herself with the engine of her new steed

LADY DRUMMOND-HAY writes on WORLD AFFAIRS

"CRIME PASSIONNEL." — Twenty-two women reported to be in prison in Paris, charged with killing their husbands or lovers, calls attention to an epidemic of *crimes passionnels* among Frenchwomen. This appalling increase in the number of Parisian women who take the "Unwritten Law" into their own hands, acting as accuser, judge, jury, and executioner, is almost a psychological phenomenon in the French capital, where unconventional relations between the sexes were "modern" decades before the ultra-modern "companionate" and "trial marriages" of America and elsewhere had ever been thought of.

Eighteen of the twenty-two used revolvers. Three dealt vengeance with a dagger, one beat her husband to death with a club.

Their stories run the entire gamut of human emotions, from utter sordidness to frenzied jealousy, abandonment, uncontrollable temperamental brainstorms, which only a Balzac could depict in all their lights and shades.

A high-light of these shooting or stabbing revenges in Paris is the sensational *crime passionnel* of Lady Owen, daughter of a French major, wealthy widow of an English baronet, who fired four bullets into Madame Gustaud, wife of her attending physician.

Of all women in the world the Parisiennes should harbour the fewest illusions about the faithfulness of men—their own, or many of the foreigners who come to Paris. And the Frenchwoman, more especially the worldly-wise, if not cynical Parisienne, is the last whom you would expect to turn into a "Cave Woman."

JAPAN'S MIDSUMMER CHRISTMAS.—Tokyo is in the throes of "Summer Sales for Mid-Year Gifts," a Japanese friend writes me. "Summer Sales" are women's weakness the whole world over, but in Japan they have an additional use and significance.

Midsummer is an important gift season in the Flowery Land. The practice of exchanging presents at this time of the year is a custom of centuries, with tradition and usage unlike other festival seasons. The midsummer gift is sent to one's superiors, benefactors, and business clients. House-tenants send gifts to house-owners, shopkeepers send presents of fans, food, knick-knacks, little dress accessories, or kitchen utensils to their regular patrons. Since the days of the Yedo period two or three pounds of sugar at about sixpence a pound has been one of the most usual offerings. But in recent years the big stores have been trying to make of the "Mid-Year Gift Season" a general shopping period like our Christmas.

I have seen the shops in Tokyo at this season, big and little, ablaze with colourful signs and advertisements, which translated, offer their bargains in much the same terms as catch the eye in London during July.

This year, my friend tells me, "bargains" are to be had from 25 to 30 per cent. cheaper than last year, and the stores are setting an unprecedented pace for the Far Eastern world in advertisement and salesmanship. The average price for a gift this year is 1s. or 1s. 6d., while 2s. is the outside limit.

Mid-year being also the season of bonuses to employés from their employers, money is a little freer, and this periodic circulation of cash is beneficial all round.

PARADOX.—America, land of super-civilization, super-achievements, even super-disasters, can be as paradoxical as the East. Where there is an automobile to every four persons, so that the whole population could be travelling at the same time, cradle of the "talkie," netted with telegraph wires, the very air above patterned by the shuttles of speeding aeroplanes, there is still a city of 30,000 inhabitants without one single telephone. It is Welch, a busy section of the West Virginian coalfields, populated by some 30,000 people. It is claimed that similar conditions are not to be found anywhere else in the United States, and the telephone authorities are unable to explain the phenomenon.

NATIONALISATION OF NAMES.—"War-time hysteria" is the general excuse for a great many impetuous national and individual actions, which now—with twelve years' perspective

THE MIDSUMMER SALE IN JAPAN: A commonplace, but none the less decorative, scene in many department stores throughout the Flowery Land

—we rather sheepishly try to laugh off. Such as the changing of personal and street names, for instance. So we should be able to understand the mental attitude of those Hungarians leading a movement for the Hungarianization of all foreign names borne by their compatriots. We might sympathize with them, too, since enforced Magyar interpretation and spelling of familiar Central European family names would be likely to complicate identity and life in general for those Hungarians with business or professional relations outside their own country.

Nationalistic Hungarians declare themselves shocked to find that 40 per cent. of clerks and officials in Government offices bear foreign names, while 67 per cent. of all railwaymen and 44 per cent. of all Hungarian diplomats have alien surnames.

After all, Fascist Italy imposed the Italianization of German names on the German-stock inhabitants of the Italian Tyrol. And Britain has done no less for the "nationalization" of nationally important family names.

THE LION LICKS HIS WOUNDS.—Empires die hard. It is a long agony if they die of old age and senility. Their death may be swift if violent, as in the case of the German Empire. But ever they die hard.

Almost always that Death, whether from political senility or from violence, begins in the vacuity and impotence of the head of the nation—the government, or successive governments—never in the heart of the people. The source of the spiritual inspiration of a nation — the government — seems to dry up.

Seers of Evil claim that the British Empire is dying. Some of our own prophets confirm it. In the apathy, lethargy, resignation, gloom, defeatism, that pervades Britain, more especially London, Manchester, and the industrial centres, they see the approaching national coma that precedes death.

There are numerous "doctors" amongst us who promise to save the Empire if we take their "medicine." Each one prescribes a different remedy. Deceived by promises, disappointed in expectations held out, the British people have become sceptical, unable to distinguish between the "quacks" and genuine political and economic physicians and remedies. The people do not know that we are not getting better quickly.

Lord Beaverbrook and Lord Rothermere, Field-Marshals of the Press, promise to save the Empire with Empire Free Trade and their particular guidance. At least they do advocate something. Anything that rekindles a bit of spirit is better than drifting in soporific gloom and the defeatism of auto-suggestion.

The *Sunday Chronicle* urges "Just a Smile." It would help, and it would surprise the world.

The Hon. Esmond Harmsworth declares, "I am a hundred per cent. Conservative." So was the Spanish Empire, as slowly but surely it died its historic death.

It is a pity that Britain has not a Progressive Party.

Lord Joicey, aged eighty-four, one of Britain's leading Captains of Industry, is utterly out of patience with British youth, its softness, cheap literature, pursuit of amusement, and wants a Mussolini for England. Rightly he says that since the War Britain has made little national progress. He blames the politicians.

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and his Labour Government have turned on their backs, content apparently to float on the deep waters of Depression. They promise little for the future, except—more Doles, increased Taxes. The Conservative Government before it did nothing more constructive and progressive and, in some things even less.

In Canada, Australia, India, and other of our possessions, there is a note of disgust with the apathy, gloom, defeatism, and lack of national inspiration in London.

We must admit and bewail that the vast British Empire, its long history studded with remarkable leaders and outstanding personalities, is to-day without a single inspiring leader or magnetic personality capable of arousing the nation.

Singularly enough, Germany, vanquished in the War, is almost as leaderless as Britain the Victor. Its incredible political confusion is reflected by nearly thirty political parties in the coming Reichstag elections.

That the spark of enthusiasm is not dead in the British people was shown by Miss Amy Johnson's flight to Australia and her reception upon arrival in England the other day.

Must England suffer a great shock to arouse it from its lethargy, or will a new and progressive political inspiration come to us?

AN EARTH STATE.—With the keel of the United States of Europe ship scarcely laid by Aristide Briand, French Foreign Minister, idealistic dreamers already find Pan-Europe too small, Imperalism is a new guise, too national — a danger.

THE EMANCIPATOR OF MOROCCAN WOMEN — Sidi Mohammed Ben Moulay Youssuf Ben Moulay el Hassan, the nineteen-year-old Sultan who has broken harem tradition by granting all his women subjects their freedom. He has only one wife (by whom he has a son eighteen months old), although allowed four by his faith, but he has 1,000 members in his harem. Sidi's decree affects a population of four-and-a-half million

Werner Ackermann, a German, and Kurt Hiller, an Austrian, want the "Earth State." The "United States of the Earth" while statesmen are about it.

Ackermann finds the thought of a Pan-Europe "too small." He does not want any political or economic frontiers, but the Earth as a whole to be one State, "an Earth without a country." A unity of humanity based on Law and Peace and Justice. He also demands the destruction or dissolution of all State sovereignty as a preliminary condition.

Kurt Hiller, in a letter announcing his resignation from Count Coudenhove-Kalergi's Pan-Europe movement, begins a campaign for the "Earth State." A campaign for "a world social system in which Imperialism has been eradicated for an Earth without individual or national slavery, for a classless regulation of peace and productivity — the World State."

The conception of national frontiers must disappear, the Earth must be "de-nationalized." Then the Millennium. A beautiful vision of two dreamers of To-day.

The STATE of INDIA (III)

A Madras Dancing School

AN ANCIENT POSE OF INDIA: A dancer from the Madras school makes her way through the streets of the city to the strains of native music played on modern instruments

OF THE COROMANDEL COAST: A dancer performing in the streets of Madras. Both upper pictures on this page show poses peculiarly Indian, one feature of which is the back-turned hand

Inset is another typical pose of the Coromandel coast dancer seen above

IN A MUSIC SCHOOL OF MADRAS: The lesson on the guitar. The violin is also taught, modern instruments being used to interpret the ancient traditional melodies of the land

AN INDIAN THEATRE: This scene, primitive as it is, recalls Milton's lines about the gorgeous East. Note the modern limelights

PRIMITIVE ACCOMPANIMENT: The Professor of the Madras School of Music sings to his pupils to a tom-tom obligato

In pursuance of its policy in publishing facets of Indian life "The Sphere" this week presents, as a contrast to the rioting, an exclusive set of pictures showing the singing and dancing of Southern India—a phase of life rapidly dying out of existence under the pressure of European standardization. The Swarajists of Madras apparently believe in the old poetic dictum: "I care not who makes the laws of a land if I can make its songs."

THE GREAT WHITE WAY OF LONDON, ENG.! Not Piccadilly Circus, but the Embankment, with its new lighting scheme

Why I Love London.

The Appreciation of a Distinguished American Actress

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—"Hence it is that the sense of sublimity arises, not from the sight of an outward object, but from the beholder's reflection upon it, not from the impression, but from the imaginative reflex."

And hence it is that I admit myself defeated, and sorrowfully report that I cannot write you an article about "Why I Love London." When you asked me to I flew to my typewriter with joy and gladness. I thought I had so much to say that my only problems would be where to begin and how to stop. But it appears that although my heart is full my head is empty—of facts, at least, which I suppose you want.

Feelings, impressions, links with the past, with the poets that thrill me as I continually come upon them; a sense of *Law* I get when I look at the Houses of Parliament (which has little or nothing to do with looking at them); white paint and grey stone that I love and still love when the white is grey and the grey is black—how to write you an article out of these?

What can I write of, say, the Tower, which I saw first one warm, cloudy night, through the trees dimly across the moat, one window only mysteriously alight? What of St. James's Park, another night, moon-ridden? Of that alluring—now black, now twinkling—avenue of water, that seemed to lead to the very doors of Buckingham Palace, to dignity, to beauty, to a great benevolent simplicity? Of the soft lapping of that water at my feet, and a voice in it for me saying, "Here is peace. These foundations are your foundations. They have stood and they will stand——"

Nothing. Someone, annoyed or bored with such subjective musings would write to tell me that there was nothing "mysterious" about the light that I saw burning in the Tower, and that the important things to know about the Tower are: that it was built in —— by —— etc. Or someone would discover that I don't remember, if I ever knew, the name of the stream that whispered to me by moonlight in St. James's Park. And I know, without being told, that the foundations of Buckingham Palace do NOT belong to me!

Certainly I could write as an actress and say that London audiences are the warmest and most appreciative that I have ever met, and that that fact thrills me and inspires me. They are, and it does, but one of the reasons that I like so much to live in London is that I only feel like an actress when I am acting. The rest of the time I am just a happy person. So that would be a very incomplete article.

I have an uncomfortable feeling that the great actresses didn't make this distinction between their private and public lives, that they enjoyed acting and did act most of the time—on the tennis court, at balls and parties, and at-homes, entering or leaving rooms (full or empty). But I can't even pretend to that sign of greatness. I *must* have a private life! If I play tennis badly I don't blame my racket—that's early training—and I don't blame my "art"—that's what? I hope it's a sense of humour. But, anyway, I blame *me*. I don't want to be encouraged in playing bad tennis because I am a good actress, or encouraged in being a bad actress because I am a good tennis player. I want passionately to stand on both grounds for what I can do *there*. Last Sunday I rode for hours on a little mare of mine who hasn't a suspicion that I act. But I know that should she find me out she wouldn't care, even to the extent of sparing me one playful buck for the sake of my actress nose. And I like that. I like having the *time* to be an actress and the time to be a person, and that time I find in London as in no other big city.

I suppose that is the answer, really, to why I love London. After all, my work compels me to live in a big city most of the time. A beautiful picture I once cherished—subtly painted for me by my despairing and stage-shy family—of the actress who plays for six months and then withdraws to the bosom of her family in the country for another six before honouring the boards and the public with another appearance, is simply nonsense in the light of the modern theatre, highly uncertain and competitive as it is. I don't know how to explain the genius London has for sustaining a sound, sane, balanced, pleasant life within its limits, but I do feel it and I do love it.

CHAOS IN REGENT STREET: Despite the thundering 'buses and the traffic maelstrom, no great city offers such repose as London

Paris excites me, artistically, beyond usefulness. I feel creative in Paris as I feel creative nowhere else. But perhaps because I am neither poet nor painter, sculptor nor musician—or perhaps simply because I am an Anglo-Saxon—I find myself left high and dry with my inspiration. After all, one can't act, extempore, in the Bois!

The actress half of me likes New York and is a little wistful about New York, because my other half dragged it to the altar and away after its third big play there. Twice only was it allowed to see its name shining alone outside a theatre before it tried to settle down and lead a completely private life. It was too soon, and it couldn't be done, and it fought a three-years' fight, and many times during that time its life was despaired of. Because it had to admit that living in New York is a strange business, indulged in—for many months a year at least—by very few people who can live anywhere else.

I don't know why I feel in New York that I must run a race with the steel riveters; that I dare not stop, night or day, because they don't. And that if I did, the walls would be torn from my house and the pavement swept from beneath my feet before I had drawn one breath or thought one thought. And that if I got out of that alive, and looked back, I'd see a sky-scraper towering on the spot where I had stood a moment before, but already old-fashioned, a tempting morsel for the insatiable jaws of progress. . . . Of course everyone is engaged in that same race, and it is stimulating to out-distance other runners, as one does, inevitably. But although I like competition, it is necessary for me to know what I am competing for, and such a pace is apt to confuse the issue and obscure the goal, not of work perhaps, but of life in any balanced sense.

Boston, where I am supposed to live, is a lonely city to live in, but one can't be just a Boston actress, because Boston likes New York actresses—and so it goes.

And now my dog and I are going out to take first a little drive and then a long walk on a path we know that runs through an unbelievable (to me—my dog is a British dog and conditioned to such wonders) carpet of bluebells and ragged robins and some yellow flowers that I can't name. And while Janet—I'm not responsible for that indignity—gazes wistfully after hundreds of the smallest rabbits imaginable the which she is not allowed to chase, I will meditate on why I haven't been able to write you what you asked me to.

MARY NEWCOMB

THE LONDON SEASON SEEN IN COLOUR

Recorded by a New Instantaneous Colour Process

THE DRAGS AT LORD'S

The London Season can hardly show a gayer scene than the Eton and Harrow match at Lord's; and the brave show made there by rank and fashion has never before been so faithfully pictured

THE RIVER GIRL, 1930 MODEL

The Editor wishes to draw his readers' attention to the lifelike qualities of these photographs in colour illustrating the great outdoor events of the London Season. Colour photography, even of still-life subjects, has hitherto been a long and laborious process. But by this wonderful new method it is possible to capture instantaneously by the camera the gay colour of the passing pageant of the Season and to present it, as in this picture, with fidelity to life

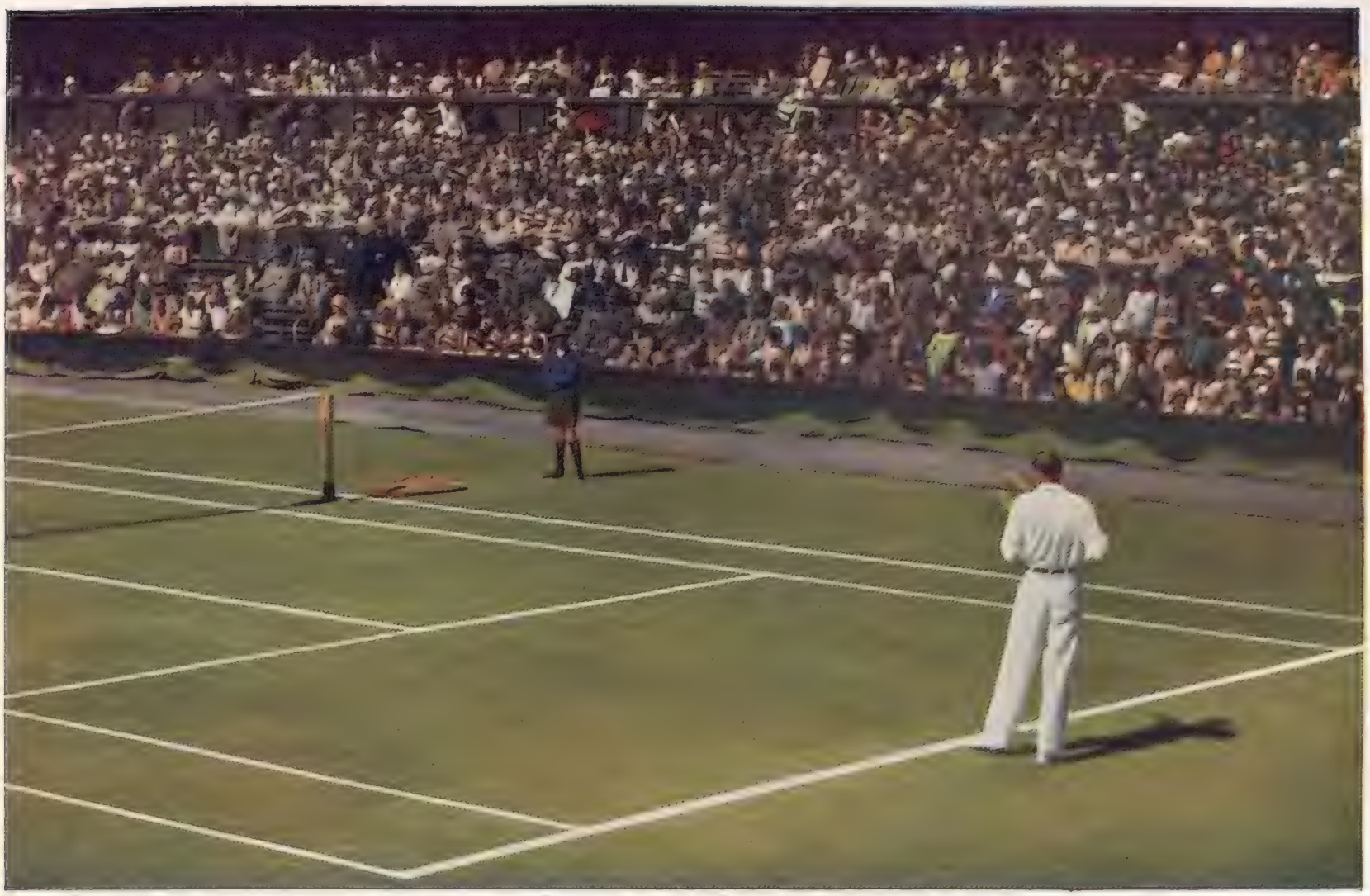
INSTANTANEOUS IMPRESSIONS IN COLOUR
of the London Season——Recorded by a New Process

AT THE HYDE PARK "LIDO"

A dip at London's new "Lido" is perhaps not one of the *de rigueur* doings of the Season; but a visit to see the swimmers—and the splashers—enjoying themselves has been made, thanks to Mr. Lansbury, part of everyone's programme

WHERE ETON AND HARROW MEET

The Eton and Harrow match is *the* day at Lord's for many people, for proud papas, fond mammas, admiring sisters and envious small brothers. Unlucky people who couldn't get there this year have now before them a faithful record of the scene. The Friday and Saturday were this year remarkable for a revival of old-time fashions



WONDERFUL DAYS AT WIMBLEDON

Tennis and Tilden have provided some tense and exciting moments for both hard and grass court devotees of the game. The gleaming white figures of men and girls on the greensward of Wimbledon produce a picture which lives in the devotees' minds for months

HENLEY—THE LAST AND GREATEST DAY

Old rowing men will tell you that Henley isn't what it used to be. But it is still, especially on finals day, a lovely and unforgettable scene—the pack of boats round the winning post, the girls in their gay frocks, men in flannels and blazers, picnic baskets, the swelling murmur down the course, "Here they come" . . . . All that is Henley

ISSUED BY THE IMPERIAL TOBACCO CO.(OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND), LIMITED.

One of the two smaller single-engined aircraft taken on the expedition, probably the Fairchild monoplane. The landing skis, with shock-absorbing devices with which it is fitted, can be seen

The "Floyd Bennett" being loaded. The aeroplane is a Ford all-metal fitted with two Wright Whirlwind J. 5 engines of 225 h.p. each under each wing and a Wright Cyclone of 500 h.p. in the nose

FLYING in the ANTARCTIC

A Journey that took Months by Foot can be Covered To-day in a Few Hours

By STEWART SCOTT-HALL, M.Sc., A.F.R.Ae.S.

Until a few years ago the Antarctic continent was popularly regarded as a vast territory of ice and snow, into which men disappeared for years at a time and returned, if they ever did, with stories of hardships and perils which appeared to most as being out of all proportion to the amount of exploration carried out or the scientific discoveries made.

Journeying in those days was a matter of skis and sledge, and dogs were the only reliable locomotive plant. The tedium of travel under such conditions cannot be over-estimated. Amundsen on his record dash to the South Pole, when conditions favoured him almost the whole way, covered the distance of 900 miles from his base in the Bay of Whales on the Ross Sea Ice Barrier in fifty-five days. The ill-fated Scott Expedition took no less than seventy-nine days to cover a slightly shorter distance, and perished on the return journey.

Compare these figures with the recent flight of Commander, now Rear-Admiral, Byrd, who flew from his base at Little America, again in the Bay of Whales, to the South Pole and returned in just under nineteen hours.

When considering the problem of mapping Antarctica there is an obvious case for aerial survey. Accurate triangulation is not required, and the area which can be mapped in a few hours of air photography would take months, one might say years, to cover by land.

Aircraft have indeed revolutionized polar travel and survey, just as wireless has revolutionized communication between these regions and the civilized world.

There are many problems which must be settled, however, before aeroplanes can be operated successfully in these latitudes under conditions which are so very different from those to be met with in more temperate regions.

Antarctic weather is famous for its severity during the winter season, and the spring and early summer are the best periods for polar flying. Apart from the fact that the sun, which plays a most important part in navigation near the Pole is only visible for six months in these latitudes, there is also far less cloud and fog during this period than at any other time.

During the summer months in the Antarctic, which corresponds roughly with winter in England, the temperatures experienced are not abnormally low. They may vary from about 10 deg. Fah. or 12 deg. Fah. below freezing to a few degrees above. This, from the flying point of view, may be more disadvantageous than if they were lower, since with these temperatures such atmospheric conditions may arise that ice is deposited on the aircraft. This has been experienced in flight in other parts of the world, one of the most famous cases being that of the airship *Norge*, during her flight across the North Polar Sea in 1926. Ice was formed on the airscrews, which, as they revolved, flung pieces of it through the envelope, thus allowing a serious loss of gas and endangering the safety of the ship.

Much experience has been gained in flying at temperatures such as these. It may not be generally realized that even in Western Europe the average temperate at 15,000 ft. is 27 deg. Fah. below freezing, and at 20,000 ft. is 45 deg. Fah. below, and that military aircraft are called upon to operate between these heights as a matter of routine.

Much lower temperatures than these average summer figures have, of course, been recorded in the Antarctic. Captain Scott observed a temperature of 109 deg. Fah. below freezing on one occasion, but this was during the winter and under abnormal conditions.

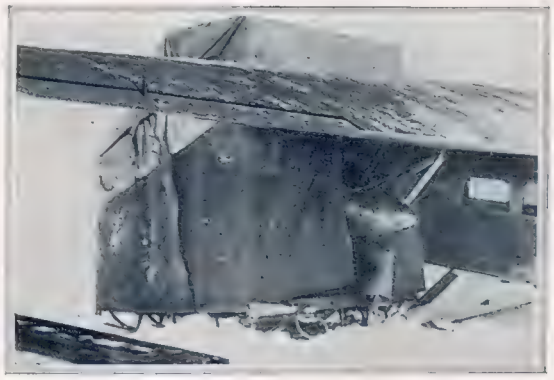
Air-cooled engines are now used almost universally for polar flying, though water-cooled types have been tried in the past. Experience has shown that an air-cooled engine, so long as it is working at or nearly at full power, will keep itself warm enough during flight in these regions with merely the provision of asbestos insulation round the oil-pipes and tanks, and protection of the induction system and carburetters from the slip-stream.

Sir Hubert Wilkins' records having carried out flights in the Arctic at temperatures as low as 86 deg. Fah. below freezing without inconvenience, but in this case the cylinders were provided with special cowling. It will be noticed in the photographs of the start of Admiral Byrd's flight to the South Pole that no such cowling was fitted since no very abnormal temperatures were anticipated.

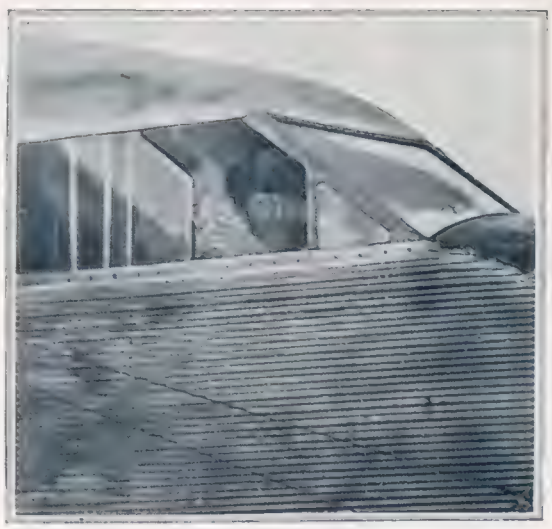
The cylinders of an air-cooled engine will work efficiently at any temperature between 480 deg. Fah. and 250 deg. Fah. This is a very wide range, and it should be quite easy to keep within it under Antarctic summer conditions.

Attention has been drawn to the fact that these remarks only apply to the engine running at full power. If for any reason a prolonged descent is necessary, say after climbing to a great height, care has to be taken to open up the engine at frequent intervals, as the consequence of a long glide with closed throttle might be serious.

The flight over the South Pole took 18 hr. 59 min., including one landing at an inland depot. One of the smaller single-engined aircraft is seen on the ground



One of the Wright Whirlwind engines being warmed up "artificially" inside a tarpaulin-covered structure just prior to starting-up



The crew of the "Floyd Bennett" on the flight to the South Pole were Commander Richard Byrd (navigator), Bernt Balchen (pilot), Harold June (second pilot and radio operator), and Captain Ashley McKinley (photographer). Bernt Balchen, seen above, accompanied Byrd on his flight across the Atlantic from America. The three planes can be seen in action in the Byrd film now running in London

The principal difficulties which arise in the operation of engines in polar regions are those of starting-up. The danger of sudden expansion of machinery parts is well known, and the whole engine has to be warmed up by external means before any attempt is made to start it.

Sir Hubert Wilkins on his recent Antarctic expedition preferred to maintain his engines continually at a temperature above freezing by hanging hurricane lamps under their covers when standing idle.

The tanks are usually filled with hot oil when starting to accelerate its circulation, and with these precautions and a little care in priming the engine with petrol, or a petrol-ether mixture, starting is rendered much more easy.

Aeroplanes best suited for polar flying are those constructed entirely of metal, such as the Ford three-engined monoplane, *Floyd Bennett*, on which the South Pole flight was accomplished, or the type in which the covering surface is three-ply wood suitably strengthened. The famous Lockheed Vega monoplane used by Captain Wilkins was of this type. The Ford monoplane has a very thin duralumin covering surface, which is ribbed to give extra strength. There was a theory that thin metal structures, especially those of light alloy, would suffer "fatigue" under extremely low temperatures, but trouble of this kind has not been found.

Pilots in many parts of the world have met with the unpleasant experience of finding their controls frozen up solid at high altitudes. This is due to the use of unsuitable oil in the hinges of the control surfaces or the presence of moisture at these points due to flying through cloud or fog. In temperate regions the pilot has merely to descend to regain control, but for polar work this contingency must be guarded against.

A feature of the Antarctic extremely unpleasant from the point of view of aerial exploration is the occurrence of severe gales accompanied by snow, known as blizzards.

Blizzards are caused by the unstable meteorological conditions produced by the region of low barometric pressure over the sea surrounding Antarctica, due in turn to the higher air temperature there as compared with that over the land itself. Their frequency and violence vary considerably over the continent, and although a gale of 105 m.p.h. was recorded by Sir Douglas Mawson during the winter of 1913 in Adelie Land, the Bay of Whales on the Ross Sea coast has a remarkably low average wind velocity for the whole year, and is ideal as a base for the operation of aircraft.

The responsibility of a meteorologist in predicting weather for flying cannot, however, be exaggerated, and most careful observations are necessary to ensure safety, since these hurricanes arise very suddenly.

In choosing an aeroplane for exploration work in the Antarctic there are two conflicting factors. One is the necessity for the minimum risk of forced landing, the other is the necessity for the aircraft to be able to climb to a good height with full load. The first calls for a multi-engined machine with a big power reserve, the second for a smaller single-engined machine with a relatively higher performance due to its smaller weight and air resistance.

Unlike the North Pole, which may be reached by an aeroplane flying at a height of less than 1,000 ft., the South Pole is surrounded by mountain ranges of 10,000 to 12,000 ft. altitude, which guard the central plateau.

For a three-engined aeroplane to climb to this height is a severe test when heavily loaded as the *Floyd Bennett* was for its recent journey, and Admiral Byrd had arranged for a more powerful engine to be installed in the nose of the aeroplane in place of the third Wright Whirlwind with which the standard aircraft is equipped. Even then he found it necessary to jettison no less than 280 lb. of food in order to

(Continued on p. 284)

A PASSIONATE LOVER OF YOUTH: Sir Philip Gibbs, whose newest work, despite our reviewer's friendship for the author, is hailed as well worthy of his distinguished name

The Problem of a Reviewer's Friends

By CECIL ROBERTS

It is a difficult thing for a reviewer to be strictly impartial. If he lives in London he will be absorbed by some set whose favours will have to be returned. Every day we hear the echoes of this chorus of mutual exaggeration. Mr. Bumpus declares Mr. Rumpus is the greatest genius of the age. Mr. Rumpus vows Mr. Bumpus has written a masterpiece that cannot be allowed to die. Reading it, we wonder however it came to live. In the Sunday advertisements the heaviest type roars quotations of Rumpus and Bumpus. In a couple of months they are receiving prizes from societies run by their friends. There is an impressive speech from the chair by Mr. Rumpus or Bumpus, a few words of acknowledgment from the recipient, Mr. Bumpus or Rumpus, and then silence for a few months until it is the turn of the next member of the chorus to produce his masterpiece.

The best, the sanest reviewing undoubtedly comes from the provinces where these claques do not operate, and where the reviewer is detached from personal associations, but as London resolutely maintains a healthy contempt of any opinion from the provinces, except in the notable exception of Manchester, reviews from these sources are ignored, partly because they are not prominent, partly because they are not extravagant.

Friendships do present problems in reviewing. One may like a man and not his books, and vice versa. Then one is on the horns of a dilemma. I have not the hearty attitude of one reviewer who says: "All my friends are geniuses, all my enemies are fools—so they all know what to expect. Don't know me and perhaps you'll get justice." It is a straightforward policy anyhow.

These observations are prompted by the appearance of *The Wings of Adventure*, by Sir Philip Gibbs (Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.) He is, I am happy to say, one of my closest friends. For many years we have been melancholy together in those dreadful periods, known to every writer, when he is quite sure he will never write another word and the stream has dried up forever. While I believe this is quite possible in my own case, I am certain it can never happen to Philip Gibbs. A trained observer, everything is grist to his mill, if that is a simile possible in a process where there is no grinding. And even more certain of productiveness is his undying passion for youth. He is obsessed by the younger generation, it is his one hope of the world's salvation.

Happily, I am in no dilemma about *The Wings of Adventure*. Not one of these ten short stories is unworthy of his name, and three of them belong uniquely to his form of genius—the interpretation of youth. "Aunt Kate and Queen Victoria," the story of a girl who jilted a Canon in residence, happens to be a true story from the Gibbs' family chronicles, I believe, and the great difficulty of convincing transcription from life has been admirably achieved. Read this romance of the little Maid of Honour, the elderly Canon, and the young Guardsman, with the tremendous shadow of the Royal Presence ever looming over them, and you will have a cameo to hang under the full-length portrait given us by Lytton Strachey.

By sheer coincidence we both publish books in the same week, in which each has a scene set in La Rochelle without knowing that either had been in that delightful Protestant stronghold. From it I take the germ of a story, *Havana Bound*, and Gibbs finds there the "Portrait of the Artist's Wife." But after our marauding there is still plenty of copy left in that picturesque old port.

The most astonishing story in the book, "The Key of Life," is a *tour de force* in the preposterous. It is the story of a man who followed his own coffin to the grave and was condemned to death for the murder of himself. I think this amazing chronicle from Salzburg will live in the anthologies of the future. It is Voronoff and Steinach applied to fiction and—but see what Sir Philip has made of it. The story that gives a title to the book is too much the account of a special correspondent to take flight with the wings of imagination, and the chivalry of Daintry in "The Soul of Honour" I find impossibly foolish. There remain eight short stories, as varied in theme as in setting, that would enhance the reputation of any writer of eminence.

Mr. A. E. W. Mason made me angry with his last book. In *No Other Tiger* he gave us some opening chapters that are unsurpassed for their intense drama by any modern work. And then the book collapsed into the most intolerable balderdash, with forgers' dens and a Wallace-cum-Rohmer background. Happily in *The Dean's Elbow* (Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d.) there is no such let down. He keeps an even keel. This is the story of a self-made man of industrial science who, after an affair with Mona Lightfoot aboard his cutter, discards her, marries into Society, becomes a peer and a millionaire, but feels cheated of the one thing he wants. Cold-blooded, he craved for a daughter, to find that he has one, illegitimate, sprung from that early adventure. The attempt to bring this daughter into his life ends in tragedy. Such, briefly, is the story. It offers Mr. Mason a variety of scenes and of subject.

I have an uneasy suspicion that the author has been reading up the dyeing industry, or has been taking copious notes. The knowledge is cleverly used, but it is a too obvious possession and obtrudes itself upon the story. The yachting scenes are magnificent. Here is the real thing, with the gusto of the passionate amateur. I find myself a little confused by the chronology of the tale. It opens "in the far-off days of the early 'nineties," but had Bexhill a cinema in those early 'nineties? This anachronism set me wondering, and I was further perturbed by a return to the Wallace-Rohmer vein in the quite unnecessary mystification over the stolen formula.

Mr. Mason is a master craftsman in his ability to conjure up a scene with a few pertinent phrases. In a few pages he catches the whole Venetian scene, though I wonder why Derek, dining at the Grand, should keep a gondola at the Luna steps, and why de Castellane and Gigli should not have been named. It is good of Mr. Mason to have captured that memorable night on the Piazza when, amid a deep hush, with Venice bathed in moonlight, her greatest tenor sang in tribute to her beauty. The whole book moves with great pace and gusto, and Mr. Mason has never given us a more delicate portrait than that of the sportsmanlike Olivia. It is a fine example of the story-telling art.

Honesty compels me to say that *What's Right With America?* by Sisley Huddleston (Harrap. 10s. 6d.), is quite a worthless book. I have visited the United States six times, and been in every State. The first time I felt like writing a book about America, as has Mr. Huddleston, but happily I refrained; the second time I began to see how vast the subject was; the third time, that anything adequate required ten years' study; the fourth time, that the subject is a quite impossible one if any kind of claim to comprehensiveness is to be made. Yet here is Mr. Huddleston jumping in on a first visit of a few weeks, prepared to tell us what America is, and what is right with it. He does not appear even to have got any farther than Chicago, and therefore has not really seen America at all. Moreover, in his casual survey of the American scene he somehow misses the most obvious and important problem of all—the negro question. He appears never to have heard of the Mason-Dixon line, and all that it involves.

We are given some pages of the usual wonderment at the growth, architecture, hospitality, and gusto of America, with the inevitable visit to the President—who says nothing—at the White House. In his book there is no glimmer of consciousness of the incredible mass-mind of America, the ineradicable prejudices of the Middle-West, the deep-rooted industry of crime, the morass of prohibition, the real problems that face every thinking American. Siegfried's *America Comes of Age* would reveal to Mr. Huddleston aspects of America he refuses to see with his rosy spectacles and showers of compliments.

The American negro is not only a problem, he is a mine of folk-lore. American writers are turning more and more to an exploration of negro psychology, and the wealth that awaits the investigator has been revealed in a play like *Porgy*. A negro wedding in the Carolinas, or a session of the Holy Rollers in Virginia, reveals a whole saga awaiting transcription to the printed page. In *Ol' Man Adam an' His Chillun* (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.), Mr. Roark Bradford collects the tales "told by the negroes about the time when the Lord walked the earth like a natural man." All of these stories are delicious. It may be that some will find them irreverent, but that would be a result of missing the whole point of the negro's objectivity in spiritual matters. He conceives an earthly heaven of harps and white gowns, of angels on speaking terms, and Sin itself personified. Theology is reduced to the simplest explanations. Thus with Eve and the snake:

> "Eve and dat snake went round and round. Eve was chunkin' at him and de snake was dodgin' to; finally Eve got a clear shot at him and she r'ared back and let de big rock go. Eve was all right, but she was a woman. And hit aint never yit been a woman which could throw straight. So Eve missed de snake and hit de apple tree. And down come a big red apple, right in front of her."

The negro loves wiliness. He applauds Moses for turning the snake into a rod. King Pharaoh straightway hires him as the leading trick-boy. "Not me," says Moses, "I got a job leadin' de Hebrew boys from Egypt to de Promise Land." In that story lies the delight of the negro in these stories. Sin is a tricky old man who always finds virtue too clever for him. The twenty-three stories in this book have the true native flavour. Here is the colloquial language of the negro preacher, his soft, slurring speech, his sly humour.

The memoirs of the last Tsarist Chief of Police, who died penniless in Paris, reveal an astonishing picture of Russia under the old regime. In *The Ochrana*, by A. T. Vassilyev (Harrap. 15s.), we see the Russian secret service and spy system from the inside. The author naturally defends and whitewashes his organization, and there is a tone of passionate honesty about the book that it is hard to close one's ears to. His relation of the Rasputin episode throws new light upon that disreputable figure. The author maintains that Rasputin was not a sinister creature, that he had no influence with the Royal family, but on his own evidence he reveals an appalling state of affairs. Rasputin was a pensioner of the Tsarina, he could get audience at any time, he was a drunkard and a sensualist. The story does more discredit to the Royal family than to Rasputin himself, who was only an illiterate peasant.

AN AUTHOR WHO HAS SPRUNG INTO FAME: "Look Homeward, Angel" is the story of an American family and is partly autobiographical. The author, Mr. Thomas Wolfe, comes from North Carolina—the scene of this, his first novel, which is being greatly talked of

The murder was coldbloodedly planned. One knows what would have happened if some young aristocrat had undertaken the murder of John Brown, whose influence was so much resented. Rasputin's *rôle*, according to this book, was much the same, but his murderers paid no penalty.

The Ochrana is a defence of Russian monarchism. The fact that something worse has succeeded it does not mitigate that fact that the monarchist system deserved all that came to it. As the introducer points out, the Russians are essentially a barbaric race. Their idea of progress is to substitute one form of tyranny and torture for another. The medieval spirit is triumphant. It stands forth in this book despite the apologetics of the unhappy author of an astonishing record of a dead regime. He believed in the old order, was faithful to it, and died in abject poverty rather than recognize the new tyranny.

LONDON'S PILE DWELLINGS

Strange Activities on Thames Side and Near Victoria

THE POWER OF STEAM: The great hammer which drives the piles into the river-bed. To these is affixed a watertight wall which enables work to be carried out on the L.C.C. extension behind its protective surface. The piles are driven 30 ft. into the bed and are so powerfully struck that they are driven through bricks or tree trunks

THE WALL OF STEEL: The piles are not pointed at their lower end, as if they were they might sink farther than necessary into Thames Side mud

THE PILE-DRIVER AT WORK: A scene in the shadow of Big Ben. *Inset above on right:* Filling a hollow pile with concrete rubble—a feature of the Westminster Housing Scheme

DRIVING PILES IN WESTMINSTER: Scores of these piles will support new flats on one of the inlets of the river. They are driven downwards by a falling block

London at the present moment is witnessing some curious operations on Thames Side and near Victoria. Some early operations in building the extension to the Thames Embankment wall in front of the County Hall at Westminster Bridge are shown above. The London clay upon which the foundations rest is about 36 ft. below high water at this point. In order to dig down to this level in the dry, the whole site of operations has to be surrounded by a watertight wall of steel sheet piling 420 ft. long and weighing over 300 tons. The accompanying pictures were specially taken for "The Sphere." The steel piling consists of a series of steel joists placed side by side and joined together by a special locking-piece. Each pile, weighing a ton and a half, is placed upright in turn, with its lower end resting on the river bed. It is then driven 30 ft. into the ground by a steam-hammer weighing 2¼ tons. This is placed on top of the pile and secured to it by special guides. It contains a heavy internal piston weighing about half a ton, which is raised and driven down with great rapidity by steam at 100 lb. pressure. So great is the driving-power of this hammer that the steel pile can cut through any obstruction, such as old tree trunks or brick walls. The embankment wall has been designed by the L.C.C. chief engineer, Sir George Humphreys, and is being carried out by the Civil Engineering Department of Messrs. Dorman, Long & Co., the well-known Tees-side steel manufacturers.

The THEATRE ABROAD

"Sphere" Vignettes of Continental Stars

AN OFFENBACH CLASSIC PRODUCED IN BERLIN: Fräulein Camilla Spira and Herr Hermann Vallentin in *Pariser Leben*, at the Renaissance Theatre. The make-up of both artistes is brilliant—the atmosphere of rakishness being brilliantly suggested

MODERN PRODUCTION: A scene in Franz Jung's *Legende*, produced at the State Theatre, Dresden. The scene shows a sporting hall with boxing protagonists

FRAULEIN ELIZABETH BERGNER, Germany's foremost actress, in an Eugene O'Neil play with Mathias Wieman at the German Arts Theatre

FRAULËIN ILSE BOIS, who is coming to London possibly to play in a parody entitled *First Night—To-night*

A TRAGEDIAN PLAYS FARCE: Conrad Veidt, a well-known actor on both stage and screen, is playing a new French farce with Elsa Eckersberg at the Tribuene Theatre, Berlin

THE SUPER-VAMP OF THE WORLD: Miss Tala Birrell, a Lancashire-born actress, has been acclaimed by Continental critics as the natural successor to Miss Greta Garbo. She is engaged in Vienna. Miss Birrell, it is said, belongs to the same family as Mr. Augustine Birrell

THE APPLE-CART IN ITALY: The latest G. B. S. masterpiece, showing up the ways of "democrats" and demagogues—a play stressing the virtue and value of royalty—has made a great success in Rome. Despite his dictatorial Dictatorship, Mussolini has put no let or hindrance in the way of the production. The play is presented in Italian costume—not the fantastic garb it wore in this country—save for the American Ambassador seen above with the King and Queen

ANIMAL ART

Of the Present Day

"JUST ARRIVED," by **R. WARD BINKS**

The two upper and left-hand centre pictures on this page come from the one-man show held by Mr. R. Ward Binks at the Greatorex Galleries

"RETRIEVING MALLARD," by **R. WARD BINKS**

"MATERNAL CARES," by **R. WARD BINKS**

The three doggy pictures on this page are reproduced from selected canvases in the one-man show of Gun Dog pictures Mr. R. Ward Binks is holding at the Greatorex Galleries, Grafton Street. The artist has a considerable reputation as a canine interpreter. Much of his work is done at Sandringham. The other two pictures are the work of a young Italian artist, Romano Dazzi, who has created a sensation at the First Exhibition of Animal Art, which is one of the great successes at Rome. It is held, appropriately enough, in the Zoo.

"CAMEL," by **ROMANO DAZZI**

A sketch at the Exhibition of Animal Art now being held at the Zoo in Rome

"MONARCHS OF THE WILD," by **ROMANO DAZZI**

This picture and that above on the right are examples from the First Exhibition of Animal Art now open at the Rome Zoo

SOME NICE BABIES

A GRANDDAUGHTER OF LORD MELCHETT: Miss Karis Mond, the daughter of the Hon. Henry and Mrs. Mond in a medieval goun

Marcus Adams

OF THE HOUSE OF FRENCH: Mrs. Drury, formerly Miss Essex French, the granddaughter of the late Earl of Ypres, and her little daughter Romayne, who was christened the other day. Mrs. Drury is the wife of Mr. Vyvyan Drury

On right—
"MAIDEN MEDITATION": A charming study of Elizabeth Ann, the daughter of Mrs. Hughes-Reckitt

Douglas

A LADY OF COMEDY: Sally Ann, the baby daughter of Mr. Bobby Howes and his wife, who plays under the name of Patricia Malone, is seen above, quite conscious of the camera, between her brilliant father and talented mother

AND ONE BIGGER GIRL

AT THE GLIDER MEETING NEAR TRING: The Master of Sempill with his daughter, Miss Anne Forbes Sempill, at the contest between the London Gliding Club and the Lancashire Aero Club at Ivinghoe Beacon

THE WORLD OF WOMEN

A COMPLETE WEEKLY SECTION OF "THE SPHERE"
INCORPORATING A WIDE VARIETY OF FEMININE INTERESTS

A MUSICAL HOLIDAY IN AUSTRIA

The lure of the Salzburg Festival

By HARRIET DICKSON

Splendid baroque palaces decorate the Salzburg streets. This is the Archbishop's Palace where the "Serenade" evenings are held

Salzburg, comparatively unknown a few years ago except to the privileged traveller, has now become an international meeting-place. During the festival weeks every August, English and Americans in increasing numbers rub friendly shoulders with Germans and Austrians. Your immediate neighbour may be conversing in Hungarian, Dutch or Japanese, and here and there dark skins proclaim the cosmopolitan appeal of music and drama.

The repertoire of the 1930 festival, which begins on August 1 and continues throughout the month, has as its cornerstone the immortal *Everyman*. Since the inauguration of these dramatic performances—it was as recently as 1920—when *Everyman* was first produced, this play in the open-air with its imposing cathedral setting, has remained the central point of the yearly festivities.

But if Salzburg has a tradition of dramatic art which gives to *Everyman* an "at-homeness" in the midst of a stately atmosphere, the town was also the birthplace of Mozart and the music programme is very largely in honour of her famous son.

The Cathedral Square in which dramatic performances are held in medieval fashion. Above is seen a performance of the old morality "Everyman"

Gardens with fountains and quiet glades go to make up the charm of the delightful old world town of Salzburg, Mozart's birthplace

The Gothic Majolica stone in Hohen Salzburg. Dating from 1501, it is the finest existing specimen of this form of Austrian Art

A golden door in a gilded room, a gem of Hohen Salzburg, the palace of the Prince-Bishops of the City

Where Prince Bishops held their State. The Hall of State, Hohen Salzburg, known as the Gilded Room. On left is the famous Golden Door

The other giants of Austria's musical genius are, however, not forgotten. There is Beethoven, Vienna's adopted son, whose one and only opera, *Fidelio*, promises to become, like *Everyman*, one of the standby's of the whole festival. Those who have heard Lotte Lehmann at Covent Garden will be interested to see her in this, her most attractive rôle. Gluck's *Iphigenie* and Donizetti's *Don Pasquale* have been added this season, while the musical life of the present day is represented by Richard Strauss, whose *Rosenkavalier* is another London success.

Apart from the fact that Salzburg is the birthplace of Mozart, it is peculiarly fitting that just this town should have been chosen for these celebrations. In the Middle Ages it was the most virile centre of dramatic art in the whole of Austria, an art which was cherished and fostered by those same archbishops who are its patrons to-day. There were Renaissance plays with their head-quarters in the town, and a circle of influence which included the length and breadth of the Tyrol and extended northwards to Munich. Processions, wandering minstrels, French and Italian operas, and a countless number of open-air performances of miracles and mysteries made up the intellectual fare of these people. There was, in the olden days, scarcely a village without its own theatre, and when the rest of Germany was engaged in war in the 17th century Salzburg, remote and unconcerned, was enjoying a cycle of religious plays.

This very recent growth of the theatre spirit, represented here by *Everyman* and just across the frontier by the century-old *Passion Play* at Oberammergau, is one of the most interesting movements of these latter days. Scarcely a village in the Bavarian Alps or Tyrol which is without its morality, and the intense fervour which goes to the production of these local dramas rivals the devotion of their ancestors in the Middle Ages. But leaving this musical and dramatic heritage out of consideration Salzburg has a charm and fascination all its own. It is the most beautiful of all the Austrian cities.

MODERN GLASS

Its Treatment and Decorative Value

Crystal Illumination: A Lalique mascot in the form of a cockerel illuminated from a concealed source in the base, from Breves of Knightsbridge

A Product of Stuttgart: A glass bowl cut and engraved with great effectiveness by the Art School of the German City

A Plaque of Distinction: A disc of glass treated with deep gravure mounted on an ebony pedestal

Modernity Triumphant: A glass etched with an ingenious caricature, from James Powell & Sons, Ltd. (Whitefriars), of Wigmore Street

Silver and Glass: A modern box for cigarettes or knick-knacks executed in relief-gravure cut glass with silver edges

Like most of our modern artists and craftsmen, designers of modern glass have bravely broken away from the old traditions and are experimenting along entirely new paths.

The photographs shown on this page are typical examples of the work of some of the foremost designers of to-day both in this country and abroad, who rely for their effects not so much upon intricacy of ornamentation, as in the past as upon beauty of form allied with a great simplicity.

Their courage has certainly been rewarded, for at the present time glass is more popular than it has ever been, both for practical as well as decorative uses.

Modern lighting, for instance, owes much of its charm to the ingenuity of the glass designer, and in this connection the name of Réne Lalique is almost too well known to mention.

Tables of glass — even dining-tables — are becoming more and more popular. They are not cold and unfriendly as one would suppose, rather they give an appearance of restfulness to a room, and of course are essentially in keeping with all that is modern in decoration.

Doors made entirely of glass are a new note which give a clever effect of space to the small home. Then of course we have been quick to notice the charm of walls of opaque glass; these are seen to great advantage in modern bathroom schemes.

The WORLD of WOMEN—(cont.)

ACCESSORIES for COUNTRY TWEEDS

By

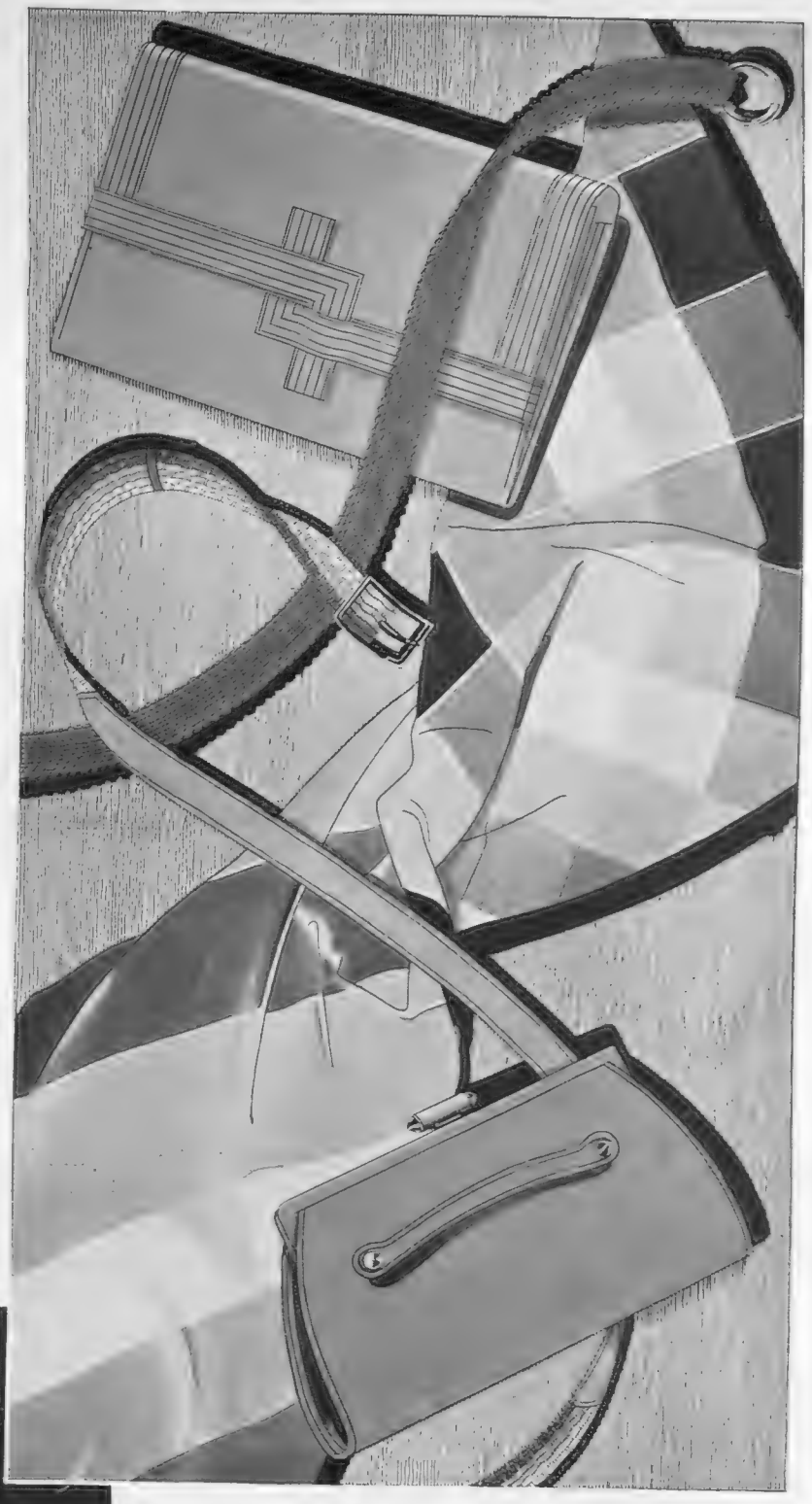
WILMA BERNHARD

Tweeds demand a certain austerity from their accompaniments and permit of no straying elaborations of taste + + + +

Accessories can make or mar the success of an ensemble, particularly so when tweed constitutes their background. A more ornate toilette leaves wider scope for fanciful bags, shoes, and scarves, so that it is not so easy to go technically wrong in the dress sense of the term. But tweeds demand a certain austerity from their accompaniments, and permit of no straying elaborations of taste.

The shoes destined to be worn with a tweed coat and skirt, for instance, must be low of heel and sober of cut. In the country, tan calf ghillie shoes to lace up and tie round the ankles, with good thick soles and flat heels, cannot be bettered. A lighter type of shoe in tan brogued leather, one-strapped and rubber-soled, would serve for walking purposes or visits to the adjacent town. Both the examples shown below come from Harrods.

A silk bag or one of suède would look absurdly out of place with a tweed suit. Something more substantial is required. The bags illustrated here are everything that country clothes ask for, and come from Harvey Nichols. One is in beige leather of fine quality, lined with silk and simply ornamented with gilt studs; the other is of hide in a covert-coating shade to harmonize with most tweeds, its only decoration a modernist design in flat stitching.



Gloves must be carefully considered—those of suède or kid are too delicate in appearance to be suitable or desirable. Something more workmanlike is wanted—yellow wash-leather, or, better still, gloves of South American wild pig. These have an attractive mottled appearance, wash perfectly, always keep soft and pliable, and bear the right air of sturdiness. They can be obtained from Marshall and Snelgrove.

From the same house comes the perfect scarf to wear with tweeds, something new and pleasing in every way. It is a double scarf, of silk taffeta checked in many variations of colour, lined with harmonizing fine wool material. Cut on the cross, it is long enough to wear stock-fashion or in any way that its wearer wishes. It is warm, smart, and generously wide, so that none of those uncomfortable gaps appear between the scarf and the neck-opening of the coat beneath it, as is so often the case with scarves that are too narrow.

Belts worn with tweeds must be definitely "sports" in character and not too luxurious or delicate, neither should their buckles be of diamanté, for instance, or of anything else fanciful and afternoonish. A belt of webbing would make a suitable accessory for a jersey or jumper, fastening with two gilt rings, or a plaited leather belt in three-colour effects firmly buckled in gilt metal. Both these belts come from Swan and Edgar.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN — (continued)

The SPHERE of TRAVEL

How to See the Peak District

A man who loves Derbyshire and takes pen in hand to describe it is perplexed at the outset not only by the richness but also by the diversity of his material. Where begin, and to what ascribe the honour and the glory? Be patient with a writer whose province is so small in mileage, so various in character. How, in one short article, shall we do justice to the tender beauty of streams like the Dove and the Wye, chattering amid fields that are fat with pasture, and at the same time to that little spitfire river the Kinder, hurling itself down the hoary flanks of the Peak, so eager for the plains that at the Downfall it takes a flying leap into space? How shall we say all that we should like to say about cloistral Monsal Dale, where the limestone bluffs come so close on either hand that you may almost throw a stone from one to the other and still leave space to say what we would about the gaunt top o' the world where you walk amid gorse and heather in the miles-wide spaces towards the Snake Inn?

The district is full of these fascinating contrasts, and often it is but a step from the one to the other. You run with the Ashop river in almost no time from the riven gullies of Kinder Scout to the level lawns and sheltered farms of the Vale of Hope. And if your interest is in the things that men have made as well as in the natural stage on which they have had their being, then shall it be Haddon Hall or the Fishing House in Beresford Dale that Izaak Walton loved, or Peveril Castle where the Conqueror's son lived, or Lea Hurst where Florence Nightingale nurtured her youth with dreams of all that she might be and do?

If Derbyshire is rich in human story and in the natural loveliness that lies open to the sky and the air, it is no less rich in those tricks of Nature that carry beauty below ground, accessible only to those who deliberately seek it out. It is difficult to think of any other county that has such a wealth of these queer things — jewelled caverns, petrifying wells, subterranean rivers foaming down into black and unknown depths between the mountains.

Diverse as the county is, it is not a difficult county to know. It is well served by the L.M.S. Railway, and it is possible to indicate in a very little time how to see the best that the Peak District offers without wasting one's energy. There are three stretches of railway which could not have been laid out better had they been deliberately designed for no other purpose than to show us the country conveniently. That from Derby north-west to Chinley goes through the heart of the limestone country. It allows us to see all the beautiful villages that lie along the Wye and the Derwent and the valleys that contain them—Miller's Dale, Monsal Dale, Chee Dale, and Darley Dale.

From Chinley a line goes eastward under the southern slopes of the Peak. It shows us another succession of valleys, actually one long stretch of pastoral country, called here the Vale of Edale, and farther on the Vale of Hope. The Noe, the Ashop, the Derwent, and many other rivers flow into it from the towering highlands to the north and from lesser hills to the south. For the Peak itself Edale, the first of the villages along this line, is a good starting-place, though many people prefer to begin at Hayfield, north of Chinley, and end at Edale.

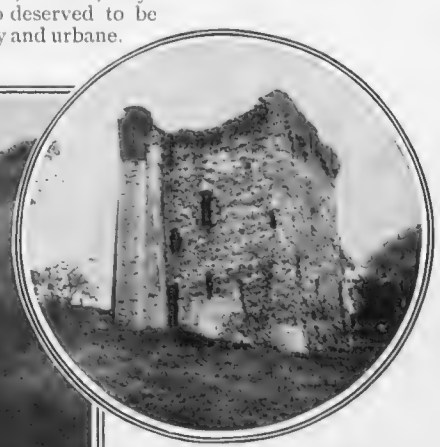
The third line travels roughly south by a little east, from Buxton to Ashbourne. This is the line one uses for the exploration of Dovedale. Let us indicate very briefly the things to be seen along the three lines of approach.

As soon as you have reached Ambergate—beautiful name—and are heading north-west for Chinley, you realize that something startling has happened to the landscape. All the way from London it has been level and sedate—good to look at, companionable, dependable, full of snug and cosy nooks and corners—but now suddenly everything that you understand by *romantic* country leaps to the eye. England, which from St. Pancras to Derby has been reeling off solid, stately prose, sound to the core, breaks out with disconcerting suddenness into poetry of a high and satisfying order.

We can only indicate very briefly that on our second line—from Chinley to Grindleford—the country is more open.

Buxton is the starting-place of our third journey. The line to Ashbourne takes us through a succession of charming villages of which Tissington is the loveliest. Thence we come to Thorpe Cloud, which is the best starting place for Dovedale. It is becoming increasingly felt that Dovedale should become the property of the nation. Ashbourne, which lies just outside Dovedale's southern end, is an old and charming town where Dr. Johnson often lingered, and where, indeed, anyone might be tempted to linger who deserved to be known as a connoisseur of the comely and urbane.

A LONELY VALLEY OF THE PEAK DISTRICT: Miller's Dale, which, with Monsal Dale, Chee Dale, and Darley Dale, lying along the Wye and the Derwent, can be seen from the train from Derby to Chinley



THE HOME OF THE CONQUEROR'S SON: Peveril Castle, a glory of the Peak

It takes you back to early in the twelfth century when David I endowed it as a monastery and filled it with Cistercian monks from Yorkshire. For all that, it was wrecked again and again by the English invaders of those times. Robert the Bruce restored it and bequeathed his heart to it, and you will pause and meditate beside the sacred spot where that gallant heart was buried.

You will constantly return in thought as well as in person to Melrose, but there is another ruined abbey to be seen at Dryburgh and a third at Jedburgh, if two don't satisfy you. You are likely to go through St. Boswell's, and anyhow you will be moving amid the never-wearying panorama of the Eildon Hills, the Moorfoots, and the Cheviots, and so it matters little which road you take.

You will remember, when you reach what remains of Dryburgh Abbey, that Field-Marshal Haig, our most outstanding soldier of the Great War, is buried in the family vault there. Thus he rests within the same "God's acre" as Sir Walter Scott.

A pause when there is much to see, and even more to comprehend, is good, so let us have a quiet, general day on Tweedside. Neidpath Castle on the Tweed, a little above Peebles, is a survival of the many embattled castles which once lined the famous river.

Nor must you neglect Peebles itself, especially having regard to the injunction "Peebles for pleasure." Not, perhaps, in the sense with which many people would associate the word, but for a simple, restful, satisfying hour or two Peebles will do very well.

Again, there is Innerleithen, where the Tweed and Leithen meet, and it has mineral springs as well as cloth mills. Always, too, it passes as the spot where Scott fancied his "St Ronan's Well," and it is convenient for St. Mary's Loch. Don't miss it on any account, for that would be to forget Ettrickdale one way and the "Braes o' Yarrow" another way, and as pretty a sheet of water as shines anywhere in Scotland.

There is a noted inn at St. Mary's, to which all the folk of the countryside were attracted, and a constant resort of Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd. It was the scene of one of the *Noctes Ambrosianæ* of Christopher North, and Hogg and De Quincey, Scott, Lockhart, and ever so many Scotsmen of letters found their way there. Wordsworth was a visitor and he was struck by the way in which St. Mary's Loch reflected the surrounding scenery. But then the "lone St. Mary's silent lake," as "Marmion" describes it, is like a dream lying between the Scott country and the blue heavens above it.

When you have gathered Tweeddale into your mind, its rich woodlands, its refreshing waters, its hill and dale and moor, all clothed with history, you have still things to gather into your heart. There is Traquair House, associated with the ballad "Will ye gang wi' me and fare To the hush aboon Traquair," and with the Young Pretender. He came there when he marched south into England begging the noble Traquair to join him. For some reason Traquir would not, but he closed the gates of his mansion saying they would never be opened again until a Stuart and a Catholic was on the throne; and closed they have remained.

A Week in the Scott Country

By MURRAY ELLIOT

If you want a compact and most delightful week's holiday in Scotland, let me recommend you the Valley of the Tweed. It is a beautiful valley in itself, green with grass and trees, fresh with running streams, and picturesque enough to be ever changing. Then Sir Walter Scott made it his own romantic land, and wherever you go you walk in his footsteps, perhaps with some of his books in your knapsack.

Tweedside is not far from London this summer of flying trains and hardly less flying motor-cars, and literally you may fly there. You can make your pilgrimage a day by day affair, from place to place, or you can rest your caravan at one place and sally here and there and back again. Probably this is the best way; certainly the most comfortable way, if you covet the great comfort of sleeping in the same bed every night. My own choice of a centre would be Melrose, first because it is pretty well the geographical centre of the Scott country, and secondly, because it will at once infect you with the romantic atmosphere of Tweeddale.

The town of Melrose is pleasant and restful, with grey houses, whose stones include many that originally belonged to the famous Abbey. It is in ruins, but you cannot look at those ruins without realizing that here had been a most lovely spiritual mansion, and with a little imagination you can re-create it, especially remembering Scott's advice.

"If thou wouldst view fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight."

YOUR AUTUMN HOLIDAY?

In constantly increasing numbers readers of "The Sphere" are availing themselves of the free service offered by "The Sphere" Travel Bureau.

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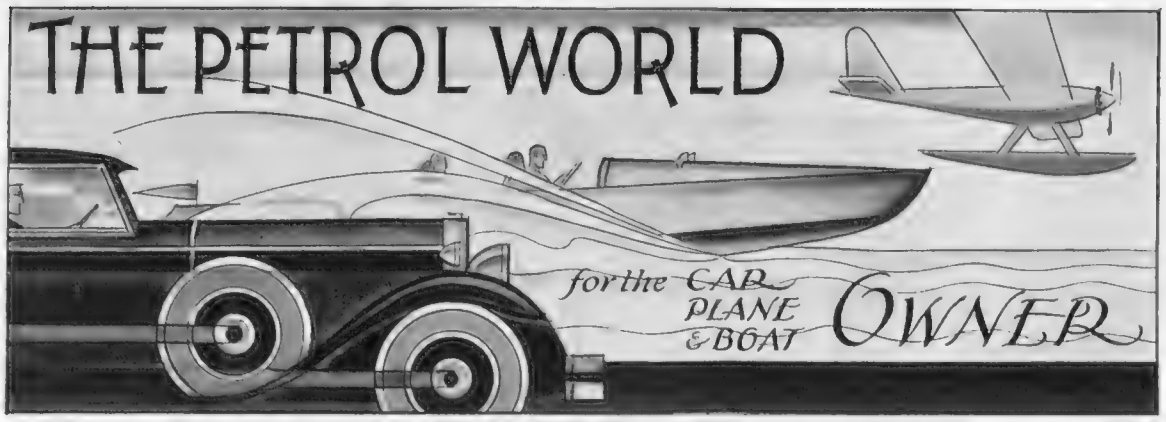


Conducted by A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands, and Special Motoring Correspondent of "The Sphere")

THE ROAD TRAFFIC BILL.—Probably by the time these words of mine are published the Royal Assent will have been given to the Road Traffic Bill. When that is accomplished I think motorists will have justification for congratulating themselves, and incidentally for being grateful to the Government. Whatever our politics may be we must admire the Minister of Transport, Mr. Morrison, for getting down to this particular job which previous Governments talked about for years. I realize that some motorists, in fact many in the public eye, are apt to view the forthcoming change in the road laws of the country with a certain amount of misgiving. They fear two things, first of all that all the bad drivers on the road, and we cannot conceal there are far too many, will all go suddenly mad and drive at hair-raising speeds. Secondly, that the police will conduct such a vigorous campaign that many motorists, through no fault of their own, will be summoned for dangerous driving, convicted, and if not fined large sums of money, sent to gaol. Personally I am not a bit worried on either account. I cannot see our bad drivers being any worse than they are at the moment, and in any case the speed limit, which is now to be abolished, has never been adhered to by any car-owner for the past five years. The Act merely legalizes a state of affairs which has existed for a long period of time.

Whether we are persecuted by the police depends entirely on how the high police officials of the various boroughs and counties issue their instructions. As I said before, once the section of the police force which is to deal with motorists is mounted on motor-bicycles or cars in order to carry out their duties, I think we shall have very little to fear on the score of ill-treatment. Ever since I have been a motorist I have always cultivated the acquaintance of the members of the various police forces in the country, not only amongst the higher ranks but also amongst the constables, whenever I came into contact with them. At the moment I know quite a number who own motor-bicycles or small cars, and as they themselves have on more than one occasion been pulled up by their comrades for fast driving, I feel sure that they would be able to see a situation from every angle.

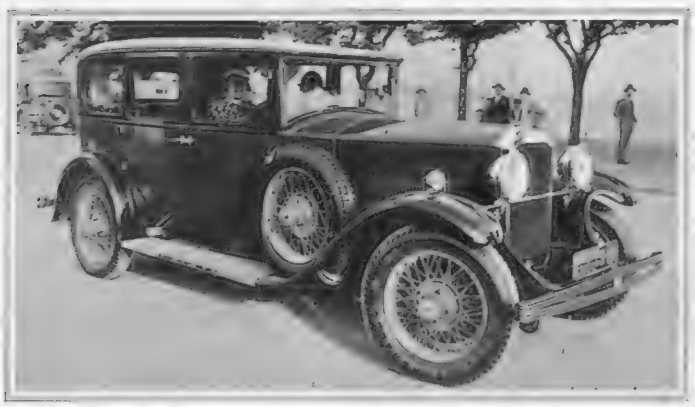
Alliance of two Famous Firms: Lady Hallewell Rogers with her new Daimler Twenty coupé. Lady Rogers is the wife of Sir Hallewell Rogers, D.L., J.P., Deputy Chairman of the Birmingham Small Arms Company, Limited

change when I learn how the various clauses of his Act are to be enforced. I sincerely trust it will not mean any more ridiculous forms or books which do nothing but annoy. We shall all watch with a very anxious eye the action of the insurance companies to see if there is any tendency to increase premiums owing to the introduction of compulsory insurance. None of us will weep bitter tears should some of the black sheep be unable to obtain the necessary policy, but we shall all be up in arms if the companies grant such black sheep the necessary protection by increasing our premiums.

When the Act is in full force every applicant for a driving licence will be compelled to sign a form stating that he is physically fit to drive. At the moment of writing no authority has yet laid down what standard of physical fitness will be deemed as sufficient. I know deaf drivers who are just as safe as the average motorist: I know careful and efficient drivers who are minus a leg or an arm; I know others who have fingers missing in each hand. In all these cases I would be perfectly content to sit all day in a car driven by any one of them, and I do not mind confessing that I am one of the most nervous passengers imaginable. Whoever, therefore, draws up the standard of physical fitness required has a task which will be by no means easy.

THE SELSEY CENTRAL GARAGE.—The wayside garage usually comes in for an astonishing amount of abuse. There is no denying that the standard of work in the majority of garages has improved immensely during the past few years and it is due to a large extent to the Institute of the Motor Trade. Cars have become so reliable that my visits to these establishments can be counted on the fingers of one hand during the past five years, but the other day a rather strange occurrence happened. I was driving my car to Selsey-on-Sea, and shortly after leaving my house one of the rear-brake drums started making a noise just as if a piece of road grit had got inside. As I covered the miles I expected the noise to disappear gradually, but to my annoyance and to my surprise it got worse instead of better. When I arrived at Selsey it was not only persistent, but it put my teeth on edge, as would the noise of a knife scraping on a plate. In such circumstances decisions are made quickly, and so I went to the nearest garage which I could find, and I believe it was called the Central Garage. I told my trouble to the mechanic on duty, and although my car was not so popular as an Austin, Ford, or Morris, that mechanic whipped off the brake-drum quicker, and probably more skilfully, than would have been the case if the car was left in the maker's service station. There was no hitting the brake drum with a hammer to make it part company with its registering flange. The mechanic immediately spotted the two threaded holes into which set-screws can be inserted so as to push the drum off. At the same time this employee was entertaining without being in any way annoying, he was good-humoured, and, as I said before, possessed of an unusual amount of skill. I know one fine day does not make a summer and I will not, therefore, presume to suggest that every country garage is staffed by experts, but I must confess that the treatment I experienced at the Selsey Central Garage was so satisfying that I trust any other motorist who finds himself in the district and desires any assistance will patronize the place. Personally I should think that the mechanic in question would be an asset to any repair works wherever they were situated.

"KOLOSSAL"!—Truly the motor trade is a colossal affair, with ramifications which are not often realized. Consider the manufacture of the body of any good car and try to count up the things which go to its making. Then multiply them by the number of cars made in a year! At the Rover works, for instance, *fifteen hundred cow-hides* are consumed each week for upholstery. No wonder that 180 girls are constantly employed, making them up. As to the fabric with which the bodies are covered, and every Rover body of this type is a genuine Weymann made under licence, over six thousand yards of double-width material is used weekly, making a *hundred acres* a year. In this up-to-date body factory, there are over a thousand employees and between them they manage to use some twenty-five million feet of wood in a year. The consumption of the whole British industry may best be left to the imagination.

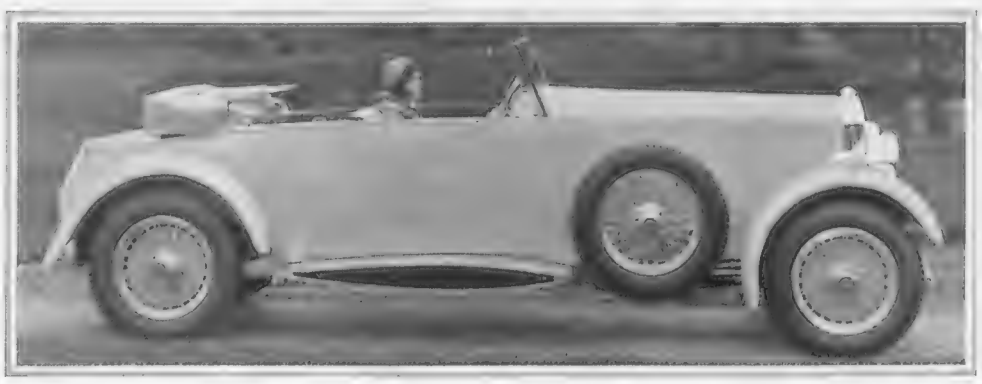


The Finest of its Class: A 16/50-h.p. Humber saloon belonging to the Viscountess di Mont Argil, which won the first prize of its class in the recent Concours d'Élégance at Figuera Da Foz, Portugal

A Study in Contrast: A 1930 Willys-Knight saloon, representing the most modern development of the sleeve-valve principle, passing through Thornton Dale claimed to be the oldest village in Yorkshire

WHAT OF THE INSURANCE COMPANIES?—The police force have a wonderful opportunity in front of them now to display their real worth in the motoring world. If they are motor-mounted and patrol the roads or take up their positions at dangerous bends, approaches, and cross-roads, and only institute proceedings against those whose driving is a real disgrace, they will not only reduce the proportion of accidents, which at the moment is regrettably high, but they will be carrying out work which will have the blessing of every right-thinking car owner or driver.

I hope my high regard for Mr. Morrison will suffer no



A Masterpiece of Design: An exceedingly smart Lanchester-built 4-seat sports touring body mounted on the Lanchester 30-h.p. Straight-Eight chassis. It is designed something on boat lines, with running-boards resembling floats and embodying receptacles for tools

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THE DAIMLER TRANSMISSION SYSTEM

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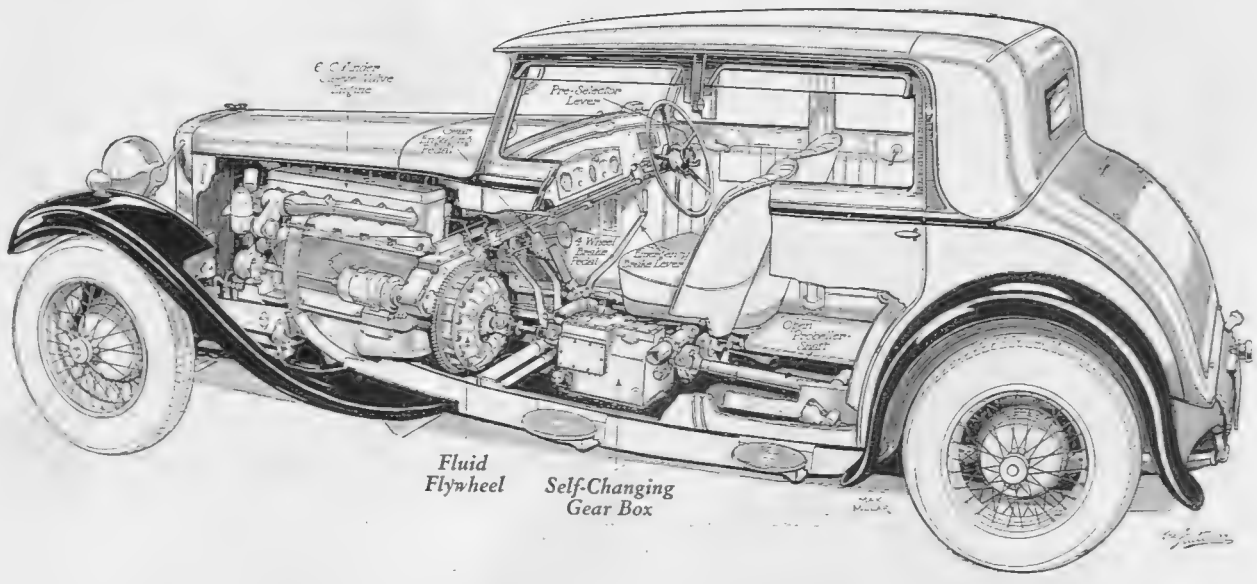

"No matter what the driver may do with any of the controls, the car cannot be started with a jerk; it glides off with uncanny smoothness. This system of transmission simplifies driving to such an extent that the driver can concentrate his attention upon the traffic near at hand and upon steering and braking. The relief from anxiety reduces driving fatigue to a notable extent, so that the safety of motoring is enhanced."—*Investors' Chronicle.*

"A very quiet transmission on all gears; a 'silent' first and second, in fact, as well as the 'silent third' which has lately become fashionable; and a transmission with which it is impossible for anyone to perform any harmful action."
—*Country Life.*

The unique qualities of this remarkable car can only be fully appreciated by personal experience. A trial run will be arranged immediately on application to any of the addresses given below.

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A Word About Shirts and Pyjamas

To say "Clothes maketh the man" is but to repeat an old, old story; to say the material maketh the clothes is to utter a platitude. Yet apparently there are many people of both sexes who fail to recognize the truth in both statements.

To many it is sufficient that a garment should look well at the moment, but how it will appear after a week, a month, or even a year is not taken into account.

The shirt, collar, and pyjama suit illustrated on this page have all been carried out in Tricoline, an ideal medium for these garments, since it combines smartness with practicability.

Tricoline is a material which washes and wears excellently; in fact it is even softer and the colours even brighter after washing than when new. It is sold in a wide variety of colours and designs, a few of which are shown below. And Tricoline shirts, pyjamas, and collars are obtainable at all the leading hosiers and outfitters.

THE JOY OF GOLFING

is frequently marred by the knowledge that the pleasure derived will probably be followed by the injury and discomfort of a roughened and irritated skin. This can be obviated by an application to the face, neck and hands, before and after a game, of

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Gentlemen should use it before and after shaving. 1/6 & 2/6 per bottle.

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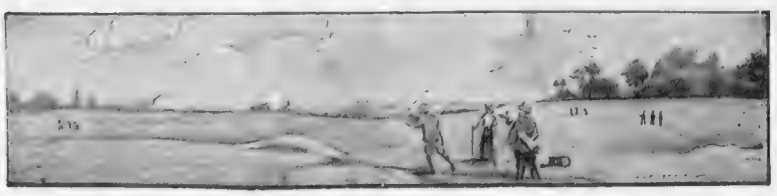

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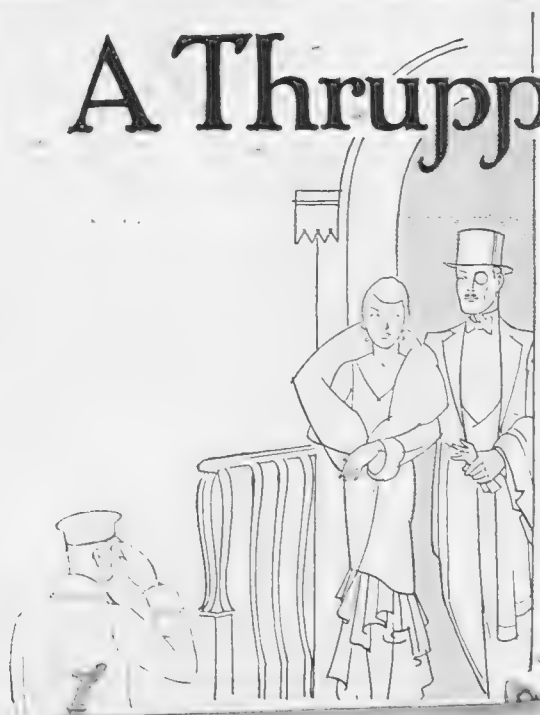

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The ROYAL ACADEMY of 1930

A Last Look Before the Doors Close where the Red Dots have Broken Out Like a Popular Rash in the Water-colour Room

"LORD MELCHETT": By SIR JOHN LAVERY, R.A.

SIR ALEXANDER PARK LYLE, BART.: By MAURICE GREIFFENHAGEN, R.A.

The Royal Academy Exhibition of 1930 closes its doors today (Saturday). A rapid survey of the galleries reveals the fact that the water-colours have been extremely fortunate in the matter of sales. In the main water-colour gallery a perfect epidemic of red spots has broken out and it may be said at once that the success of this room is well deserved. There is a very high average degree of merit in the work turned out in this delightful medium. The black-and-white people, too, have had their good share of luck, the popular woodcut having met with many patrons. In the realm of the oil painting a fairly large number of pictures has been sold, but it must be confessed that there are wide gaps in which not a single red dot appears and these spaces include some very desirable works.

The question of size doubtless militates against the purchase of a good number of canvases. The desire for the small is very evident in most of the purchases. One observes three purchases which have been made under the Chantry Bequest. One is a portrait of Dame Millicent Fawcett by Annie Swinnerton, A.R.A., Mr. A. J. Munning's "Window Scene," a snowy piece very favourably regarded by the public, and Mr. W. W. Russell's delightful portrait, "Cordelia." It is impossible here to survey all the galleries, but in Number 1 a picture each by Mr. Arnesby Brown, Miss Dorothea Sharpe, Mr. Richard Jack ("A Canadian Landscape") Mr. AdrianStokes ("Lake Scenery,") and "A Mother and Child," by Sir William Orpen, have all found purchasers. In Gallery 11, which usually contains a large number of modernistic pictures, Dame Laura Knight's "Two Children With Toys" is among the pictures sold. In fact, Dame Laura Knight must be reckoned among the most successful of the artists who have sold pictures this year at the Academy, for nearly all her paintings have been disposed of. Mr. Frederick Elwell, too, has done well with his long galleries and curio shops. The flower compositions and still-life pictures have proved very popular.

SIR HENRY WOOD: By M. FRAMPTON

WOMAN SPINNING: By L. CAMPBELL TAYLOR, A.R.A.

THE BERKELEY

THE BERKELEY HOUNDS AT BERKELEY CASTLE

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FLYING in the ANTARCTIC

(*Continued from p. 267*)

clear the mountain peaks. It is possible to live for months with skilful use of harpoons and gun on the ice-floes of the Arctic Sea, but no life has yet been observed near the South Pole except at the far distant coast, and the feelings of the crew of the *Floyd Bennett* as they threw away their only means of existence in case of emergency may be better imagined than described.

This necessity for the reduction of weight and air-resistance calls for the smallest and lightest under-carriage which can reasonably be used. Fortunately since there is plenty of hard snow falling for taking-off and landing, skis may be used. These are lighter and have less resistance than floats, which are the alternative.

Navigation on polar flights presents the well-known difficulties due to the fact that the magnetic compass becomes less and less sensitive as the Poles are approached. There is however another type of compass which is always carried now for such work. This is the sun-compass. In this instrument the sun's image is reflected through a periscope on to a disc in front of the pilot. The periscope is driven by clockwork, turning it one complete revolution in twenty-four hours. The periscope can be set at the start of the flight, and the pilot merely has to keep the sun's image on a fixed mark on the disc to maintain a true course to the Pole.

Dead-reckoning navigation is always used on these flights. The position of the aircraft at any time is estimated from the compass-course, the drift, if there is any due to wind, and the air-speed. This positioning can be supplemented by observations of the sun. A special form of sextant having an artificial bubble horizon has been developed for this work, as well as an ingenious form of slide rule, which does the whole of the elaborate mathematical reduction mechanically.

In the event of the sun being obscured by clouds the polar navigator is forced to rely on his magnetic compass, or the more modern earth inductor compass, and a turn and bank indicator is usually carried to aid in flying the aircraft straight under the difficult conditions which may occur when the horizon and land are hidden as well.

There are many problems in the operation of aircraft in polar regions. Some are easily solved, others are more difficult. There is, however, no doubt that successful flying depends always on the accuracy and skill with which meteorological science can predict the weather, and this dependence is one which exists, not only at the extremities of the earth but over the whole globe.

ITEMS of GENERAL INTEREST

A NEW IMPROVED CIGARETTE "WALLET"

Messrs. W. D. and H. O. Wills have recently introduced an entirely new and improved "wallet" for their Three Castle medium cigarettes in tens and twenties. In this ingenious form of packing the cigarettes are well protected, and each cigarette can be easily withdrawn without disturbing the others, an advantage which will be much appreciated. Smokers should ask for the improved "wallet."

A VOYAGE OF DISCOVERY

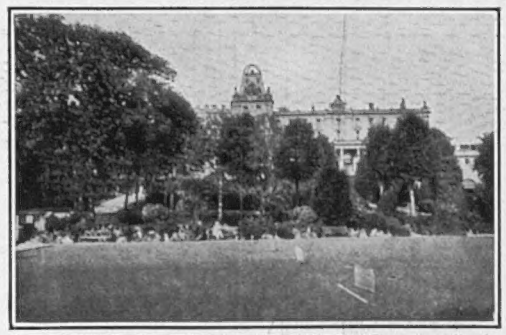
A beautifully illustrated book of ninety-four pages has been issued by the Canadian Pacific describing the forthcoming round-the-world cruise by the *Empress of Australia*, which will leave Southampton on November 14 and Monaco on December 16, on her voyage to lands of enchantment in sunny climes including many places off the beaten track. Copies of the book, which is "an education in itself," may be obtained free on application to the Cruise Department, Canadian Pacific, 62–65, Charing Cross, London, S.W.1.

SMEDLEY'S HYDRO

When John Smedley, in 1853, opened a "small" house at Matlock Bank for six patients, and so founded hydropathy in this country, he can scarcely have imagined that the institution thus modestly begun was to grow into the present-day huge establishment. Smedley's Hydro., Matlock, with its 270 bedrooms, magnificent entertaining rooms, wonderful suite of baths, 10 acres of beautiful grounds, etc., etc., claims to offer at very moderate expense, a happier and more beneficial holiday or health visit than any other resort in the world provides at comparably low cost. Readers who have not yet "found" Smedley's are confidently recommended to apply for the lavishly-illustrated prospectus, obtainable free and post paid.

VOICES AS SOUVENIRS

To their list of history-while-it-happens gramophone records, "His Master's Voice" has just added several of the principal speeches delivered at the Imperial Press Conference in London. This achievement, the first of its kind, was rendered possible by placing the "His Master's Voice" electrical recording van close to Grosvenor House in Park Lane, and the addresses were engraved on wax discs through the medium of microphones in the Conference Hall. The sole object was to present to each delegate a permanent souvenir of the great occasion, and the records, which are not for sale, are being sent to the home of every member of the Conference. Mr. Rex Palmer acted as introducer, and the speakers recorded for posterity are Lord Riddell, London; the Hon. Frank Carrel, Quebec; Sir Augustus Bartolo, Malta; Mr. R. T. Barrett, Hong Kong; Mr. C. Brunsdon Fletcher, Sydney; Mr. J. H. Woods, Calgary; Mr. T. W. Mackenzie, O.B.E., South Africa; Mr. E. E. Edwards, Brisbane; and the chairman, Major the Hon. J. J. Astor, M.P.



A FEATURE OF THE PEAK DISTRICT: Smedley's Hydro, Matlock

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When the body is out of kilter owing to the disorganization produced by unwonted behaviour, as is inevitably so often the case in holiday time, the need for a gentle corrective, ever a useful possession, becomes acute. In such cases Dinneford's Magnesia fills the bill completely. It is doubly advantageous, for it is a toner-up of the system suitable for every member of the family from the grandfather to the baby. Additional assets are to be found in the facts that its action is mild and yet effective, that it is pleasant to the palate as it is beneficial to the system, and that it is a draught for all the year round.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

The Society trains boys for emigration amongst other things, and has recently received a letter from Canon Garland, Director of the Church of England Immigration Council, Brisbane, Australia. The Canon says that he has received several letters from a boy who came out from The Shaftesbury Homes and *Arethusa* Training Ship in January last. The boy in his letters says that he is "getting on fine," can milk, ride, harness horses, and make himself generally useful. The Canon adds, "It is always a pleasure to me to handle lads who have come under the training of The Shaftesbury Homes." This great work is in urgent need of funds. Please send a gift to the General Secretary, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

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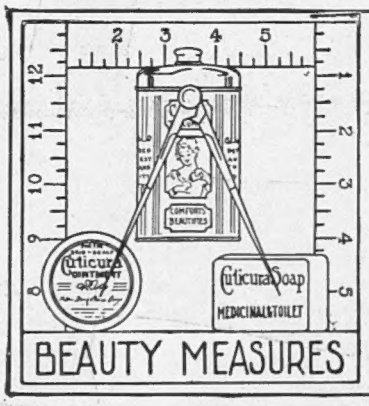

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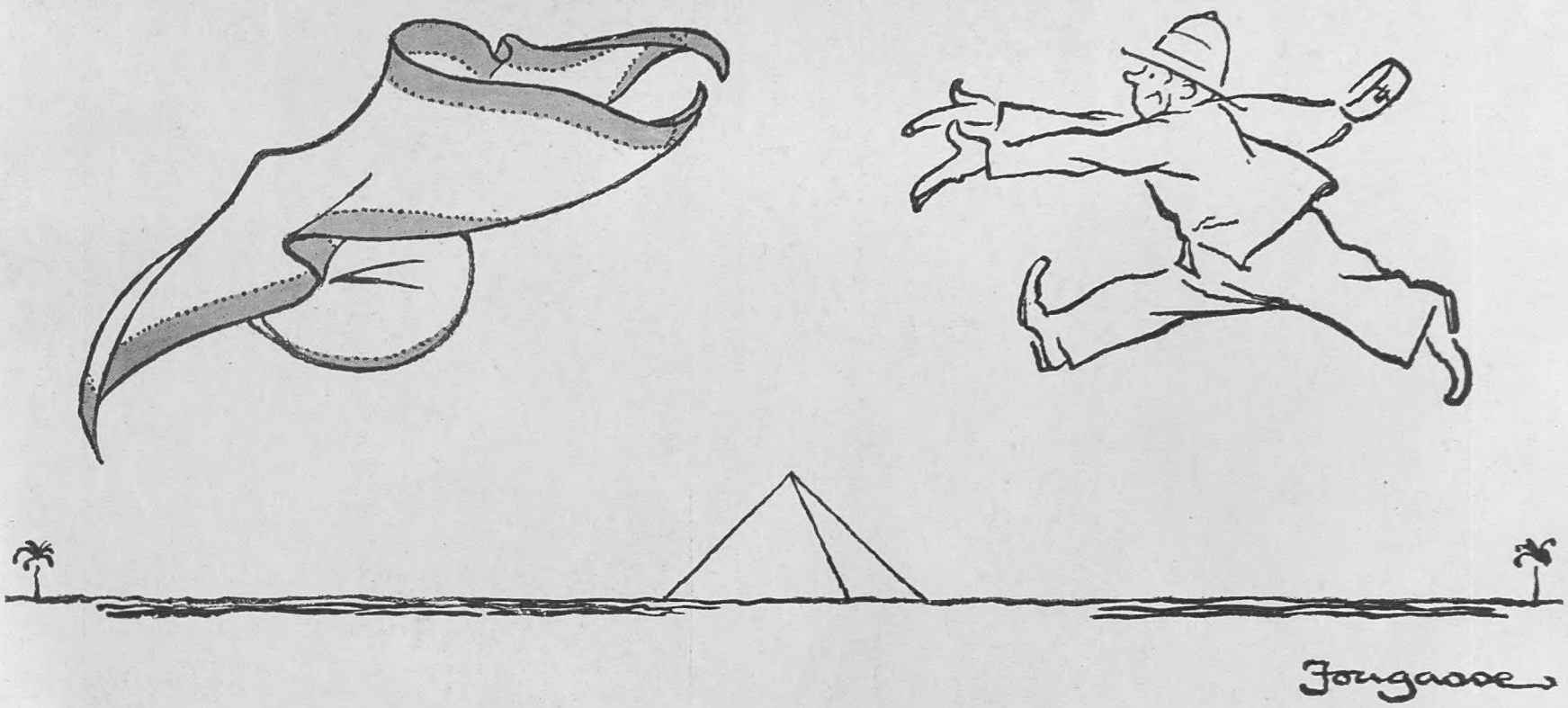
Ecstatic meeting in foreign parts between noted globe-trotter and his old friend the animated handkerchief



MANY lifelong 'friends' were first introduced to us by advertisements. Lifelong habits. Rooted preferences. Favourite brands. Often it takes a chance meeting abroad to bring home to us how friendly their familiar faces are.

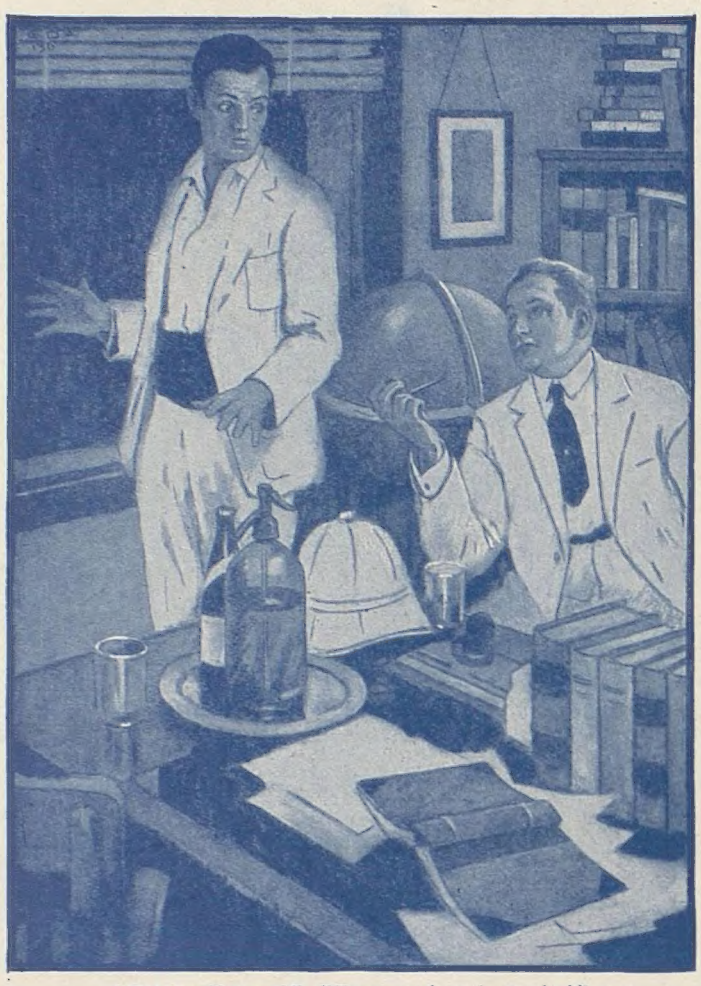
These old friends are like all other old friends—known and trusted. A moment's thought will show that no advertised goods can survive unless they are all they claim. Which is one reason for buying only advertised goods.

There is another : *advertised goods cost you less*. Modern advertising creates huge demand. Which permits mass-production. Which brings prices right down. Indeed, mass-production—born of advertising—raises our standards of living every year. Compared to our grandparents we all live like dukes and duchesses to-day.

Advertisements keep us informed. They guide us to inventions, refinements and luxuries that we might otherwise never hear of. They permit a journal like this to be sold for one shilling instead of five pounds.

Modern advertising is skilled and scientific. It operates for everybody's good, not least of all—*yours*.

Stories that MEN can Read



"Did his wife know?" "You mean about the murder?" "Heavens no!" he almost exploded. "Why it was to save her from knowing that he killed the man."

In "JUNGLE PATHS" by Anthony Parsons.

"Mild gin drinks are far safer than tea when you're only two degrees North of the Equator."

In "DRAGONS"—a curious yarn by C. J. Cutcliffe-Hyne.

"THE RED FLAG": No. 1—"DANTON LAUGHS" by F. Britten Austin
"TRYST" by Armine Von Tempski
"DRAGONS" by C. J. Cutcliffe-Hyne
"ADVENTURE" by Lady Drummond Hay
"JUNGLE PATHS" by Anthony Parsons
"EXPLODING THE FEMALE SPHINX" by Beverley Nichols
"OH! THOSE FIRST NIGHTS!" by Hannen Swaffer
"THE LORD IS ONE" by Diana Bourbon
"PARISIANA" by H. Pearl Adam
"THE RUSSIAN LEGEND IN AMERICAN ACCENTS" by Sydney Tremayne
"THRILLS" by Arnold Palmer
"COINCIDENCES" by Harold Nicolson
"ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL IN WINDSOR CASTLE" by Hector Bolitho

All in the AUGUST

BRITANNIA and EVE

New Style Magazine

Look First—

It may be that your impression of a magazine is governed by what magazines used to be . . . .

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